

FEBRUARY, 1912

PRICE TEN CENTS

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



Nightly Crowd of Unemployed Workers Clamoring for Entrance to the Municipal Lodging House, New York City

THE COLD WAVE AND THE WORKERS

By ELIAS TOBENKIN

SOCIALISM THE HOPE OF THE WORKING CLASS

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

OUR MILLIONAIRES—The Truth About Them

Until a few years ago it was universally contended by our instructors in what-to-think that our big capitalists deserved their giant accumulations of wealth because of their superior brains, ability, energy, foresight and thrift. Then came Gustavus Myers' "History of the Great American Fortunes." There followed a death-like silence on the part of our teachers and editors, broken only occasionally by some editorial insect, who has just received a fat advertising contract, or by some professional prostitute who has a good job to hold.

In this monumental work Myers shows, and submits the proof in each case, that our millionaires raked in their great gobs of money, not only by the robbery of the wage worker, which goes on everywhere under the capitalist system, but by the **grossest fraud and corruption**, by the most cunning trickery and cynical betrayal. No doubt is left of the fact that our "great magnates" are not only systematic oppressors of the working class, but are **plain, ordinary thieves**, heaping up their riches by methods which would land the petty thimble-rigger in jail and which would make the small swindler an **outcast**.

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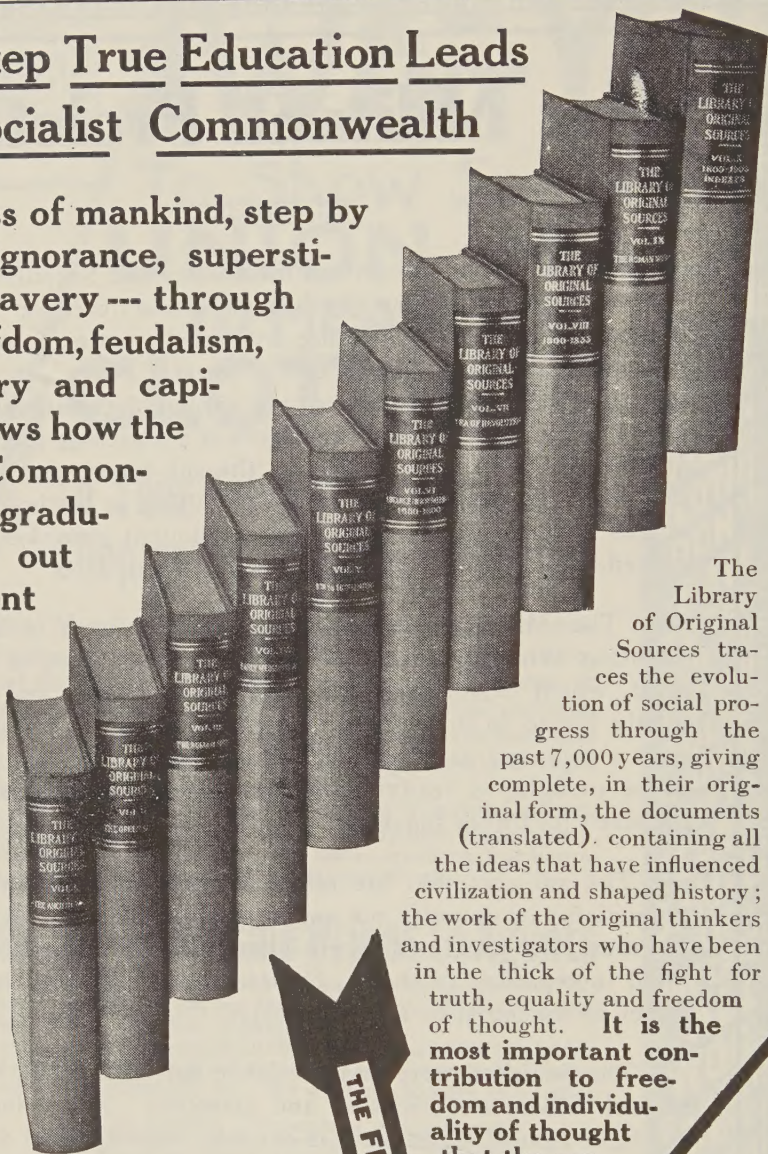
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OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

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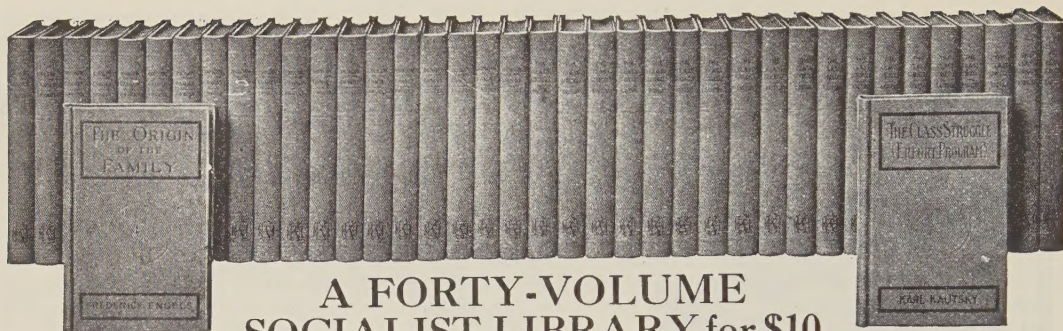
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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Vol. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1912

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"COFFEE AND"

The Cold Wave and the Workers

BY

ELIAS TOBENKIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON.

NEW YEAR'S morning, 1912; the capitalist press of New York devoted column after column to interviews with senators, governors, bankers and captains of industry in which these men of eminence assured the public that the year 1912 would "continue the record of prosperity" with which the country was "blessed" in 1911.

Governor Dix telegraphed the New York World that "the New Year finds the Empire State solvent, prosperous and serenely confident."

These optimistic statesmen had evidently not taken the weather into consideration when they talked so eloquently about the "record of prosperity."

Five days after these interviews appeared

New York was in the grip of a cold wave. And the same capitalist press suddenly discovered not only that New York has poor who suffer during the cold weather, but that the Empire City of the Empire State actually has thousands of homeless unemployed men and women walking the streets in summer clothing, and some in rags, penniless, hungry, many doomed to death from exposure, if the city does not bestir itself and rise to the situation.

The same newspapers that five days previous were so "serenely confident" now opened their columns to frantic appeals by the heads of charitable organizations for "anything that you can give," an old coat, an old pair of trousers, socks, old shoes, and even discarded underwear. All of these things, the charity heads assured the public, would be welcomed by thousands of men who were in want of them.

Friday night, January 5, the municipal lodging house of New York broke all of its previous records. It housed 977 men, though it had room only for 738. To accommodate the remaining few hundreds,

men for whom there was no room in the municipal lodging house, the morgue was resorted to. The chapel of the morgue was thrown open and packed with half-frozen humanity, who spent the night huddled together on benches, and divided only by a thin wall from the vaults containing the usual quota of unidentified dead, that are also drawn from the ranks of these unemployed.

The Bowery Mission, which conducts the "bread line," fed more people than ever before after midnight that night. But the climax of the tragedy and suffering of the half-naked and half-starved men and women of the metropolis was reached Saturday afternoon.

All day Saturday the thousands of homeless men, who ordinarily keep on walking the streets, sought the saloons, but having no money to spend there would find themselves shoved out of the barroom by men who were a nickel the richer and could afford, therefore, to buy a glass of beer and the privilege of sitting and dozing before that glass of beer for hours.



WITHOUT THE PRICE.

The reading room of Cooper Union, a favorite resort with the more intelligent of the unemployed, was packed to its utmost capacity. Even the halls of Cooper Union were packed with freezing humanity. A bit of standing room near a radiator was at a premium.

Driven from the saloons for want of a nickel, hundreds of ragged, shivering individuals would march up to the postoffice and walk through the lobby. Here, however, watchmen are on the look out for that class of visitors, and "loitering" is not permitted. Here and there a man would try to get around the watchmen by scribbling something on a piece of paper and pretending that he was writing a letter.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the situation changed. There was an exodus from saloons, from Cooper Union, from the lobby of the postoffice and from a hundred other places haunted by the unemployed. All started in the direction of the municipal lodging house. At 5 o'clock the sidewalk in front of the lodging house was jammed with hundreds of shivering, overcoatless men and boys. Here one could examine them carefully. Most of them wore what were once summer suits. Their shoes were torn. Their trousers, clinging tightly to their legs, when a gust of wind hit them, indicated that they wore no underwear, or at least no winter underwear. Many of them wore no stockings of any kind.

By 5:30 o'clock the army of these men and boys swelled to about 500. The wind from the river lashed against their faces until they looked as if they had been knouted, and that the blood would spurt out of their cheeks in a moment. Their eyes became red, their eyelids swollen.

The rule in the municipal lodging house is that the doors are not to be opened before 6 o'clock. But when Superintendent William C. Yorke looked out of the window at 5:30 and surveyed the crowd, his otherwise placid face was moved, and he ordered that the doors be opened at once.

From 5:30 o'clock until 10 in the evening three men were busy taking the pedigrees of these homeless men and boys. After they were "registered" they were sent up for their cup of coffee and bread. Then came the bath and the inspection by the doctor. More than a hundred had frozen fingers and toes. A few were taken to the

Bellevue Hospital suffering from exposure.

Before 8 o'clock every one of the 738 beds in the lodging house was occupied. Some 300 people were still on the floor, waiting to be given a place to sleep. Others were straggling in from the outside. The superintendent ordered that the waiting rooms of the municipal dock, which had been heated that afternoon, be thrown open to these men. In a few minutes the waiting rooms were jammed full of people. Here the men could not even lie down. The benches in the place were of the park variety, providing seats for four men to a bench. They were to sit this way through the night. But the men were glad to get even that.

After every available room on the dock had been used up, there were still hundreds of men who had not been provided for. They could not be turned out into the street. The morgue chapel would not hold them all. Besides, the superintendent of the Municipal Lodging House would not risk having the papers state again that the unemployed were "put in the morgue," as even the capitalist newspapers stated in their headlines. So a steamboat, used by the city for transporting criminals to Blackwell's Island, was hastily heated and put in operation. And hundreds of men for whom New York City had no room on terra firma were consigned to the boat to spend the night there.

The homeless, unemployed man is a common sight in New York. He no longer excites comment. Not so with women. One seldom sees a woman out of work and penniless. A woman can do washing, scrubbing, and earn a quarter this way. She can get a nook in some restaurant kitchen to lay her body down for the night in return for washing dishes. But there were 24 women in New York on the night of Saturday, January 6, 1912, who absolutely had no place to lay their heads. And there were five children who were likewise homeless because their mothers were jobless. These 24 mothers and five children were housed in one of the dormitories in the municipal lodging house.

The ages of the five children ranged as follows: A babe three weeks old; a little girl two years old, another little girl two and a half years old, a boy five years old, and another boy, eleven.



BREAKING UP THE HOME.

About 9 o'clock, when the rush at the municipal lodging house was beginning to subside, when nearly a thousand men had already had their cup of coffee and two slices of bread, and had been sent down to take their bath, get a physical examination by the doctor in attendance, and be consigned to their beds, Superintendent Yorke was buttonholed by the reporters and asked for facts and figures concerning these men.

Here are some the figures that were given the reporters by Mr. Yorke at that hour:

A little over 1,000 men had been registered. Of these, fully 70 per cent were overcoatless. Fifty per cent had no underwear or stockings of any kind. Twenty per cent had light summer underwear on.

"If you want to do a charitable deed," the superintendent told the reporters, "state in your papers the condition of these men, that they are half naked. Any piece of clothing that any citizen can spare will be appreciated by us and he will be blessed by some unfortunate youth or man who is half naked in this bitter cold."

One of the functions of a reporter is "to

fix the blame." When an accident occurs in which lives are lost the reporter assigned to the story is told to try and fix the blame, to try and find out who is responsible for the accident.

This function of "fixing the blame" extends to many other things. For example, many a well meaning citizen would be greatly relieved if, upon reading in the newspaper the story of the suffering of the homeless, naked and starved men who were crowding the municipal lodging house on that cold night, could find a paragraph explaining that the men themselves were really to blame for their condition; that if they had been frugal, had saved money when they were working, or had been willing to take work even now, they would not have been in such a plight; they, too, could have had homes.

It was with a view of being able to insert just such a paragraph blaming these unemployed men for their unemployment that one reporter asked:

"Are there any hold-up men among them? Any strong-arm men, any panhandlers?"



BEFORE BED TIME IN THE MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSE.

Now, Superintendent Yorke is not a Socialist, at least not so that you can notice it. But he looked at the reporter with a semi-contemptuous smile.

"Go over and take a look at the men," he said, "see if they are the kind of men from whom strong-arm men, hold-up men and panhandlers are recruited. The class of men you refer to do not come to the municipal lodging house. They can afford to pay for their rooms."

"These men," the superintendent went on, "are all mechanics, and laborers. They are anxious to work at anything. I have had hundreds of them come to me today, each asking if I could not give them a job working around the lodging house. I have never seen such a respectable crowd of men before in all my life. Look at the faces of some of them, and you will recognize men of refinement among them. Did you see how neat some of them tried to keep themselves? It is astounding how many people there are in New York who cannot find work."

Not a word of these remarks of the su-

perintendent really "fixing the blame" for the condition of these men appeared in the newspapers the next day, though columns were printed about how the charity institutions responded nobly and came to the assistance of the poor and unfortunate.

Other figures given by the superintendent "fixed the blame" even more definitely. In 1910, he said, the municipal lodging house of New York broke the record for all years past in the number of persons it housed. But even this "record-breaking" period of 1910 was broken in 1911, when the municipal lodging house gave shelter to 51,000 more people in 1911 than in 1910. The total number of people sheltered in 1911 was 167,800. When one remembers that the municipal lodging house is hot on the trail of every man who is "not deserving," who is a professional tramp, etc., one can form a conception about the extent of homelessness and unemployment in New York and in the United States.

A remarkable, though easily explained, feature is the fact that the men applying for shelter at the municipal lodging house

are nearly all classed as natives—that is, American born. According to nationality they range as follows: American, Irish, German, English, Scotch. The Slavic races, Austrians, Hungarians and Jews, furnish the smallest number of municipal lodging house candidates. The explanation for it is simply this: American industries today need brawn, and brawn that will work cheap. The Slavs, Hungarians, Jews furnished cheap brawn. They are preferred by the steel trust, in the mines, in the sweat-shops, and in all other industries, to the native American labor, to the German, English or Scotch workman. You can bully and thumb down the Slav or Hungarian more readily than you can the American or German. You can house the Hungarian

or Croatian or Italian in a shanty with much less compunction than you could an American.

Hence the American is, by a sort of tacit agreement of all industrial captains, relegated to the ranks of unemployed, while the immigrant, who willingly or unwillingly submits to lower wages, a lower standard of living, to inhuman, beastly treatment, is preferred.

The problem of unemployment has been growing in this country for years. The cold wave in New York is now showing it in all its sinister ugliness. The jobless man bids fair to become the most acute economic and social problem in the next two or three years in the United States.

UNDER Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger-pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If a frost comes we shall not have a hundred thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbors for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunk of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of the society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if a frost comes no one will practically be anything the worse.—From the *Soul of Man Under Socialism*,—by Oscar Wilde.

Socialism the Hope of the Working Class

SPEECH BY

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD



Delivered in New York City, at Cooper Union, Under the Auspices of Local New
York Socialist Party

COMRADES and fellow workers: I am indeed gratified with this splendid reception. In fact, I am always pleased with a New York audience, and I hope this will be no different from the many audiences that I have addressed in this city.

I am here tonight, as the chairman has stated, to speak on "Socialism, the Hope of the Working Class." (Applause.) And there are some differences between So-

cialists. If we are to judge socialism by the opinions that have recently been expressed in the present controversy going on in our Socialist papers, and if our judgment were based on those ingredients, I am sure that we would have a mental chop suey (laughter and applause), the mysticism of which would baffle the ingenuity of the brain of a Chinese mandarin. (Laughter.) But not all the things that you have read from

the pens of our very learned brothers are socialism. Socialism is so plain, so clear, so simple that when a person becomes intellectual he doesn't understand socialism. (Applause.)

In speaking to you of socialism tonight I would urge that you do not turn your minds to the legislative halls at Albany or the halls of congress in Washington or the council chambers of the city hall in New York. I would prefer that you turn your minds inward and think of the machines where you are employed every day. I would like you to think of the relation that you hold to society, which occurs in three distinct phases: First, the individual relation, the relation to your home and family, the conditions that present themselves there; then the group relation, the industrial relation, without any regard to craft or trade divisions—not thinking that you are a particular craft man, but that you are working in some particular line of industry which is absolutely interdependent with all other industries; and then, having left your shop, your group or industrial relation, I would like your mind to turn home again, and you will not find that home isolated. It is a group of many homes. And there you assume another relation. There you become, not an individual of your family group, nor an individual of your social or industrial group, but you become a unit in the fabric of society. You become one then of the entire working class. And my definition of socialism here tonight will be clear enough indeed to the working class and also to the enemy of the working class; but to the go-between, to the opportunist, it will not be clear, and in all probability they would ask me to define my definition. I am not here to waste time on the "immediate demanders" or the step-at-a-time people whose every step is just a little shorter than the preceding step. (Laughter and applause.) I am here to speak to the working class, and the working class will understand what I mean when I say that under socialism you will need no passports or citizenship papers to take a part in the affairs in which you are directly interested. The working class will understand me when I say that so-

cialism is an industrial democracy and that industrialism is a social democracy. (Applause.)

And in this democracy we know no divisions. There will be no divisions of race, creed, sex or color. Every person who is a factor in industrial activity will take a part in this industrial democracy. Under socialism we workers will not be subjects of any state or nation, but we will be citizens, free citizens in the industries in which we are employed. Therefore, I want you at all times while I am speaking to keep your mind closely riveted on your own personal interests. You don't have to go outside of your own shop, the place where you are doing productive work, to establish socialism. Socialism is not a thing remote, and it is not necessary for you to follow our brothers who are standing on the heights of Utopia beckoning you to come up and enjoy the elysian fields, where you will receive \$4 a week after you become 60 years of age (laughter and applause), and where the conditions have arrived at such a perfect stage of security that no trust can do business if it holds more than 40 per cent monopoly of any particular line of industry. (Applause.) In this place that is being mapped out for you you will find that it is very much more desirable to be exploited by three 33 1-3 per cent trusts than it is to be exploited by one 100 per cent trust.

And now we will keep distinctly in mind the shop. I want to say at this point, and emphatically, that with the success of socialism practically all of the political offices now in existence will be put out of business. (Applause.) I want to say also, and with as much emphasis, that while a member of the Socialist party and believing firmly in political action, it is decidedly better in my opinion to be able to elect the superintendent in some branch of industry than to elect a congressman to the United States congress. (Applause.) More than that: under socialism we will have no congresses, such as exist today, nor legislatures, nor parliaments, nor councils of municipalities. Our councils will not be filled with aspiring lawyers and ministers (applause), but they will be the conventions of the working class, composed of men and

women who will go there for purposes of education, to exchange ideas, and by their expert knowledge to improve the machinery so that we can use it for the advantage of the working class. We will then have made machinery the slave of the working class, rather than now when the working class is the slave of the man who owns the machinery.

Having established these facts, we will now begin to understand why the conditions are so much more violent in this stage of the world's history than at any previous period. There was never a time in all the history of the world but what the working class were dominated by tyrants. There never was a period so tyrannical as now. We have heard of the democracy of Athens and of that ancient civilization. All the beauties of that wonderful city of free men, with its marvelous sculptures of marble, rested upon the shoulders of the 300,000 slaves in the valley. There has never been a period in the world's history that the working class were free. They have been slaves, serfs, chattel slaves and today wage slaves. And more than that, they are being devoured today by the Frankenstein that they themselves created. The energy, genius and ambition of the working class have brought about this marvelous age of machinery and invention, until today a machine will do the work of ten, one hundred, aye, a thousand times as much work as a man could do 50 years ago. This then is what intensifies the struggle for existence on the part of the working class. The unemployed army is rapidly increasing, due largely to the fact that labor-saving machinery has been introduced in nearly all branches of industry. We find then that the very thing that should improve the condition of the working class has contrived to make the condition of the working class deplorable indeed.

If you would travel and visit the various industries, as I have, you could speak of these things at first hand; the changes that are going on. Even here in a city like New York you can see a period of 100 years ago still hanging on. For instance, passing this street will be a street car drawn by horses; not far distant, an eighteen or twenty story building with

a platform on the top arranged for the aeroplanes that are coming as a means of transportation from one part of the city to the other. In all lines of industry the same changes have been going on. Fifty years ago the plowing on the farms was done by a yoke of cattle or a span of horses. Today it is neatly done by traction engines and steam plows. The picking of the cotton was formerly done by chattel slaves, then by wage slaves, white women—in Texas it is no unusual thing, or was no unusual thing, to see a white woman dragging an 8-foot cotton sack up and down the field all day long. In a corner of the field was something wrapped up in a bundle or a piece of blanket. As that woman approached the bundle you would see her stop quickly, pick it up and nurse it—her baby! She would nurse the little one and start again her round of weary toil. The day of the white woman and the day of the colored children in the cotton field has passed with the introduction of a great machine that goes down the field, and with a system of suction takes up all the ripe cotton, and the next day the thing is done all over again. The mining industry has been transformed in just such a manner. The steel industry likewise. Every branch of industry. Indeed, there are few, if any, lines of trade where the workingman today controls the tools with which he lives. In the manufacture of shoes, where a man used to make a pair of shoes, or a pair of boots, he was called a shoemaker. Now in the process of manufacturing a pair of shoes it goes through at least 100 different pairs of hands, and the machinery that makes the shoe doesn't belong to the shoe manufacturer, but to the United States Shoe Machinery Company, which is an entirely different concern, and one of at least as great proportions now as the Standard Oil trust.

So we find that while the worker has gone steadily on with his toil and his inventive genius, creating all this wonderful machinery by his labor power alone, he has with every step of progress exaggerated his own struggle for existence and he has brought about a keener struggle between himself and the capitalist class. And if it were not for this struggle between

the owning, employing class and the working class, the philosophy of socialism would never have been written. And here tonight, I believe, while I am speaking on the hope of the worker, that the necessity of emphasizing the class struggle is more apparent than anything else, because if the working class, if the workers will recognize this class struggle and become a part of it, there is absolutely no question as to the speedy and early results if we can ever get up against the capitalist class with our bare hands. We then will be in a position to absolutely control the situation.

And here tonight I am going to speak on the class struggle, and I am going to make it so plain that even a lawyer can understand it (laughter and applause). I am going to present the class struggle so clearly here tonight that even a preacher will know its meaning. (Applause.) And this, friends, is rather more difficult than you appreciate. The lawyer and the preacher have never fought with the under-dog. For the ages ago they have been the mouthpieces of the capitalist class. (Applause.) They are not entirely to blame. We Socialists recognize that it is largely the result of environment. You can't see the class struggle through the stained-glass windows of a cathedral. You can't see the class struggle through the spectacles of capitalist law, written by capitalist representatives in the interest of the capitalist class. To understand the class struggle you must go into the factory and you must ride on top of the boxcars or underneath the boxcars. You must go into the mills. You must look through the dirty windows of the working shop. You must go with me down into the bowels of the earth 1,000, 2,000, 3,000, 5,000 feet: there by the uncertain flicker of a safety lamp, there by the rays of a tallow candle you will understand something about the class struggle.

You must know that there are two classes in society. There are no half-way measures. Just two classes. On the one side the capitalist class. On the other side the working class. On the one side those who produce all and have little or none. On the other side those who produce none and have all. (Applause.) This

struggle is between capitalism and socialism. Socialists are not responsible for it. We say that it exists. We know the conditions that have brought it about and we know the only remedy for it. We say that it will continue just so long as a favored few are given the special privilege of exploiting the many. This class struggle will continue just so long as one man eats bread in the sweat of another man's face.

And now the workers are involved in this class struggle, and we will see what they are going to do. The men in the Los Angeles jail, 100 or more—they understand this class struggle, and so do the men who were taken from that jail to San Quentin. (Applause.) They know what the class struggle means. Let me say to you that while the capitalist class is writing the criminal record of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union it is no part of the duty of the Socialists to be assisting them in their work (applause), but it is our duty to compile the category of crimes perpetrated by the capitalist class. (Applause.) As for me, I am a defendant in every case where the working class or its representatives are on trial and the capitalist class is the plaintiff. (Applause.) Therefore my heart is with the MacNamara boys (applause) as long as they are fighting in the interests of the working class. (Applause.) Let the capitalist class bury its own dead. There are 21 dead in Los Angeles. We are too busy to go there, because tonight we have 207 dead in Bryceville, Tennessee. (Applause.) A federal grand jury has been selected to ferret out the men responsible for Jim MacNamara's crime in Los Angeles; there has been no grand jury selected to investigate the crime at Bryceville. And let me say that that explosion in Bryceville was just as premeditated, just as much a cold-blooded murder as though they had set the fuse or timed the clock. (Applause.) Every day in the year in this country there are 100 men and women killed; 35,000 every year. Seven hundred thousand killed and wounded in preventable accidents in the industries of this country. Let me say to you that when you hear of an explosion in a mine, you can mark it down that murder has

been committed; been committed with the connivance, or at least through the deliberate negligence of the capitalist class. (Applause.) Every miner and every mine owner knows that if the mines are properly ventilated, if they are properly equipped with either air shafts or suction fans there will be no accumulation of gas or firedamp. If the coal dust is wetted down or removed there will be no explosions from this source. But it requires money, and it reduces the profit in mining coal. Human life is cheaper. Therefore, they continue to murder us by the thousands every year. And until we have brought about that condition whereby we can protect ourselves, I can't find it in my heart to condemn one of my own class. (Applause.)

So I say to you that the men in the Los Angeles jail, the men who were doing picket duty while the Llewellyn Iron Foundry workers were on strike, thrown into jail for no other reason than because they were on the picket line, because they had violated an injunction—those men understand the class struggle. In Fresno, California, not far removed from Los Angeles, 116 members of the Socialist party and the Industrial Workers of the World were thrown into a prison intended to "accommodate" 24 persons. As the jail doors swung behind them they said with all the spirit and more of the earnestness of Patrick Henry, "Give us liberty or give us death." The sheriff of the county called out the fire department, turned three strong streams of water into that jail; the men were compelled to hold mattresses against the doors to keep their eyes and nostrils from being torn out by the water. One man had his eye torn from his head. They left them all night long standing up to their knees in water. **They** understand the class struggle.

The men who fought the terrible battle for free speech in Spokane, where there were 1,800 hospital cases and only 500 prisoners—**they** understand the class struggle. They were competent to do that. Their jaws were broken by the minions of the capitalist class.

But **most** of us out west understand the class struggle, and I don't know how I can better portray what the class struggle means than to give you here tonight a

brief history of the Western Federation of Miners. (Applause.) I don't think I have ever told this story in the city of New York. At least it will bear repetition.

The Western Federation of Miners is a fighting organization of the working class. It was born in jail (laughter and applause), and we are proud of our birth. (Applause.) We were the child of an injunction. It was the first injunction ever issued in a labor controversy. President Taft is credited with being the father of injunctions, but that doubtful honor rests with Judge Beattie of the federal district court in Idaho, and Bill Taft is only the stepdad. (Laughter.) That injunction was issued during a strike in the Coeur d'Alenes in the Panhandle of Idaho in 1892. The miners went on strike to prevent a reduction of wages, and the mine owners, violating all laws, brought in thugs and hired gun men from foreign territory, and there was a pitched battle between union men and non-union men. A few were killed on each side, and during the fight a mill was blown up and the soldiers were sent in and 1,200 union men were arrested. They were placed in what the authorities were pleased to call a "bullpen." That particular bullpen was a hurriedly erected two-story structure built out of rough lumber, where those 1,200 men were crowded in much closer than you are here tonight. They were held, most of them, for a period of seven months. During the early weeks of their incarceration they were not permitted to leave that building, not even to answer the calls of nature. They became diseased and vermin infested, and many, many of them died as a result of that cruel imprisonment. Among the number were 14 who were arrested for violating the injunction that I referred to. They were sent to Ada county jail, and by the merest coincidence they occupied the same cells that Moyer, Pettibone and myself lived in for so many weary months, commencing some 14 years later. And it was while those 14 men were within the gloomy walls of that prison that they conceived the idea and formulated the plan of federating all the miners of the west, or amalgamating all the miners of the west into one general organization.

As soon as they were released they called a convention. It was held in Butte, Montana. And on the 15th of May, 1893, the Western Federation of Miners was born. (Applause.) Quick on the heels of its inception came the Cripple Creek strike of 1894, when the miners went out to establish an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of \$3.50 to protect the members of their organization from discrimination. The mine owners at once called on the governor for the soldiers, but at this time we had a governor in the chair who was a member of the organization himself. He refused to become an ally of the operators. But they had a tool in the person of the sheriff of what was then called El Paso county, and this sheriff organized an army of deputies. Those deputies were composed, as deputy sheriffs usually are, of the dregs of society. Society, you know, is in three layers. There is the dregs on the bottom and the great working-class paystreak in the center, and the scum on the top. You can usually tell the female of the species: she is more deadly than the male. Those on the bottom begin cutting off their clothes at the bottom, and those on the top begin cutting them off at the top. The same species, scum and dregs. This army of deputies were instructed to go up and kill or capture the miners who had built a fort. I don't like to admit all these things—you will think they were not law abiding out west. (Laughter.) When I speak to you about building a fort it puts me in mind of a story that I heard about "fighting like tigers on the barricades." (Laughter and applause.) But this was really and truly a barricade, and there were miners behind it that had never read or written a brief in their lives. They had guns, and they were prepared to meet their enemies.

But remember! We also believed in political action, and had elected one of our own class as governor of the state. And he called out the militia to protect the miners and put them in between the warring factions and told the deputy sheriffs that if they didn't disband he would fire on them as insurrectos. You understand, then, why I believe in political action. (Applause.) We will have control then of whatever forces government can give

us, but we will not use them to continue to uphold and advance this present system, but we will use the forces of the police power to overthrow this present system. (Applause.) And instead of using the powers of the police to protect the strike-breakers, we will use the powers of the police to protect the strikers. (Applause.) That's about as far as I go on political action. (Applause.) But that's a long way. And the reason that I don't go into the halls of parliament to make laws to govern the working class is because the working class is working with machines, and every time some fellow has a thought, inspiration, the machine changes, and I don't know that laws can be made quick enough to keep up with the changing machinery. And I know this: that laws, under socialism, will not be made to govern individuals. We have got too much of that kind of law, and we want a little freedom from now on. The only kind of government that we will have then will be that kind that will administer industry. That's all. No other kind of government. And that will apply not only in the machine shop, but in every municipality. The municipality itself will become a part of the industrial life.

But now, to get back to that fight on Bull Hill. There, when these soldiers dispersed the deputies, the miners went into session in their union hall and passed an eight-hour law. Just think of the impudence of those miners! And that law has proved to be court-decision proof. It's never been declared unconstitutional by any supreme court. (Applause.)

And now, perhaps you would consider that "direct action." I believe in direct action. If I wanted something done and could do it myself I wouldn't delegate that job to anybody. (Applause.) That's the reason I believe in direct action. You are certain of it, and it isn't nearly so expensive. (Applause.)

We won the strike on Bull Hill then because we were organized industrially and because we were in control of the situation politically. But we lost the strike in Leadville in 1896. You see, the women voted in 1894 in Colorado. They had started a campaign, and the slogan of the campaign was "Save the State!" It was the first time that the women voted. And

they proceeded to defeat one of the best men in the state and elected a man for governor that they wouldn't invite into their homes. I wanted to mention this fact because of the strong campaign that is being made for woman suffrage. Now, while I believe in women having everything that men have, I believe that they are entitled—well, they're just a part of the human race, that's all, and I don't know of any reason why I should have something and deprive them of it. Give them equal rights in everything. And that's what we say in Colorado now, "Here's to the women, God bless them. Once our superiors, but now our equals." We have brought them down to our same level. (Applause.) That strike in 1896 was in the lead mines. It was lost. In 1897 and 1898 we had the same difficulty. In Leadville we had 900 men in the bullpen for eight months. Then came the second strike in the Coeur d'Alenes in 1899.

As before, the question involved was reduction of wages. And let me say to you, friends, so that you will understand the position of the Western Federation of Miners: We have never been involved in a controversy of any kind, except for the man underneath. We have always fought the battle of the under dog. We have never tried to establish an apprentice system or to do anything especially for the skilled men. As before, the mine owners brought in deputies, and there was another mill blown up, and this time it was the Bunker Hill and Frisco. It is said that there were 3,000 pounds of powder put under that mill. Naturally, when that powder went off the mill went up, and some of it probably hasn't come down yet.

Then the troops came, which was not the militia. The militia had gone to fight in the Spanish war. It was the regular troops, sent in by President McKinley, and they were black soldiers. Another bullpen was erected, this time a low rambling one-story structure; the bare earth, no floor, rough boards to sleep on, a wisp of hay for bedding; food unfit for animals; the whole thing fenced in with barbed wire 18 and 20 strands high. On the inside of that enclosure, over a thousand union men, just as good as any of

you are. And on the outside, a thousand black soldiers. And while those young miners were fighting for the flag, for the freedom, the honor of this country—I don't mean the red flag—the black soldiers were at home insulting, outraging, ravishing their wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts.

And that brings us down then to the Colorado strike, with which you are all well acquainted. Sixteen hundred men under arrest and in the bullpen at one time; 400 deported, thrown out on the prairie without food and without water; hundreds of homes demolished. Our stores, four of them, robbed. Many of our members murdered. Many of our wives outraged.

So you understand that we know the class struggle in the west. And realizing, having contended with all the bitter things that we have been called upon to drink to the dregs, do you blame me when I say that *I despise the law* (tremendous applause and shouts of "No!") and I am not a law-abiding citizen. (Applause.) And more than that, no Socialist can be a law-abiding citizen. (Applause.) When we come together and are of a common mind, and the purpose of our minds is to overthrow the capitalist system, we become conspirators then against the United States government. And certainly it is our purpose to abolish this government (applause) and establish in its place an industrial democracy. (Applause.) Now, we haven't any hesitation in saying that that is our aim and purpose. Am I correct? (Tremendous applause.) Am I absolutely correct when I state this as being the position of the Socialist party not only of New York, but of the United States and of every nation of the world? (Applause.)

Well, then, it isn't only the men of the west who understand the class struggle. You understand it here just as well as we do there.

The button workers of Muscatine, Iowa, know what it means. The miners of Lead City, South Dakota; the furniture workers of Grand Rapids, Michigan; the garment workers of Cleveland, Ohio, who have recently lost their strike; the garbage workers here in New York, the gas workers—they will learn what

the class struggle means; and yes, the shirtwaist strikers. And finally, it's the same in every country of the world. And here tonight I am going to draw a panoramic view of the different nations, just to show you that the class struggle is the same. And remember that I am not going to let you leave this hall until I present to you a constructive program that will enlist the sympathy of every worker in the world—don't make any difference to me whether he is a Socialist, an anarchist, a trades unionist or what he is, if you present the struggle to him. That is, unless he is a business agent. (Laughter and applause.) If you present the struggle to him clearly and define a means by which it can be ended, you can enlist his support. And now, to show you the world-wide significance of this struggle I am going back in history just as far as Bloody Sunday, the 22nd of January, 1905.

You will all remember that day with me. There occurred a cruel, terrible massacre in St. Petersburg, Russia. It seems that the people of that country had been ground down to such a terrible condition that they could no longer stand it. Entire families were living in single-room houses, sleeping on the bare ground, their footgear scant, their clothing scant; eating out of a common bowl a coarse mush, their only food. They had no organization to meet these conditions, and, except their secret organizations, they had no societies. They determined to appeal to their White Czar, they called him their "Little Father." But these people had never learned to write, so it must be a living petition. And the word went forth. Thousands of them marched toward the holy palace in St. Petersburg. They carried the holy cross of Christ and sang religious hymns. They came within a hundred feet, or less, of the palace gates, and a volley rang out from the guns of the czar's soldiers, and hundreds of these peaceful marchers fell dead in the snow, their warm red blood mingling with and forming a dark mantle of the snow that covered Russia at that season of the year. When you heard the echo of that volley you heard the world-wide echo of the class struggle.

You heard the shrieks and groans of

the Russian girls exiled from home, who were burned to death in this terrible factory fire that occurred here last winter. The same people, the same fears, the same anguish, the same struggle and the same world-wide need of socialism.

Across the sea, in Finland, we find our Finnish comrades protesting because their constitution has been abrogated, protesting because their sons are sent to war or they are compelled to pay a tribute in gold. They are protesting the same class struggle.

In Sweden only a short time ago we sent our money to assist the workers who were engaged in a general strike, a sympathetic strike to maintain the life of their organization. I met many of the workers while I was in Sweden. They told me of their privations, their suffering women and children compelled to subsist on black bread and water. They were beaten to their knees, but they were not vanquished, and as I was leaving Stockholm they said to me, "Comrade Haywood, when you come to America tell the workers of that country that we will be fighting with them in the vanguard until the working classes of the world are victorious." (Applause.)

Leaving there, I went to Spain and found the same condition prevailing and found that the workers in that country were just as class conscious as in Sweden. There it was the French bankers had made their investments in the Moorland, and the king had called upon the youth of Spain to protect the interests of the French bankers, and the Socialists being opposed to war in all nations, joined with the building trades of Barcelona and declared a general strike against war. How long would it be before the building trades of New York would declare a strike against war? (Laughter.) They couldn't declare a general strike against anything, because they are divided among themselves. (Applause.)

From Spain, through Portugal, where they had overthrown their king, and the working classes were asking—when they had political liberty they were asking for industrial liberty. From there into Wales. I was there during the general strike. It was the first one of its kind, and the workers were lined up in a mighty force,

and when the king of England sent the police from the various cities—Bristol, Liverpool, Cardiff, London—the miners met the police with pick handles and clubs. (Applause.) And they say that it's wrong for me to speak to you this way; that it would be inciting the workers to riot. That's the reason that I didn't speak to the garbage workers here one night. Just as though I would try to get an unarmed garbage worker to go up against one of these murderous brutes of policemen here in New York! (Applause.) It isn't likely. But I would like to have tried to have all the working class of New York to stand by the garbage workers, even to the extent of a general strike. (Applause.) There in Wales, when they whipped the police the managers of the mines called upon the king for the soldiers. The soldiers came. Some of them had been permeated with the spirit of class consciousness. They took out and threw away part of the locks of their guns, making them useless.

I know that some of you members here will think that this is not patriotic (laughter); that really you ought to fight for the flag; that you ought to live up to your obligations and fulfil your duties. But let me say to you that that isn't being a traitor. If it is, it's better to be a traitor to your country than it is to be a traitor to your class. (Applause.) (A shout: "The working man has no country at all!") That's very well said. Not only that, but there are no foreigners in the working class. (Applause.) The only foreigner that the working class should know is the capitalist. (Applause.) And they are recognized that way in Wales, and they are fighting for socialism there. And remember that they are all industrial unionists fighting for socialism.

The same is true in Ireland now.

From there I came back to Glasgow, and let me say that in Glasgow I could tell of a condition that will interest you, especially those of you who are inclined to think that socialism means municipal ownership. In Glasgow everything is municipally owned, all street cars, the electric lights, water works, bath houses, bake shops, model tenement houses (?)

and even the jails are owned by the municipality. They have model houses. Fifty thousand people there live in single rooms. One hundred thousand people in Glasgow live in two rooms. That's the condition in that municipally owned city. I told them that they were entitled to the full product of their toil and when I made speeches to them throughout Scotland I left them talking to themselves. They were not talking municipal ownership, nor government ownership, but they were talking about industrialism, socialism, the hope of the workers.

From there I went to England and was there just preceding the great general strike. I visited many of the industrial centers and found a condition in England that is even worse than here, but that we are rapidly getting down to.

I want to say, as a result of this general uprising of the workers, they have taken the crown from off the king's head; they have put it into the melting pot and made of it the golden key to unlock the chains that bind the wrists of slavery; and by the same means, by the same token, we can accomplish the same result in this country when we learn to act as a unit and when we learn to go on strike as one man. (Applause.) And, workers, this then is the spirit that has aroused every country in the world.

I am not going to take time tonight to describe to you the conditions in France, though I would like to do so, because I again want to justify direct action and sabotage. You have plenty of it over there. (Applause.) I don't know of anything that can be applied that will bring as much satisfaction to you, as much anguish to the boss as a little sabotage in the right place at the proper time. Find out what it means. It won't hurt you, and it will cripple the boss.

Now I want to come back home. I know that the hour is getting late, and I don't want to leave you without the constructive policy of this meeting. There are many ways to describe how the Socialists will get control of the industries. There are those who say that we will confiscate them. "Confiscate!" That's good. I like that word. It suggests stripping the capitalist, taking something

away from him. But there has got to be a good deal of force to this thing of taking. You might have a majority of voters, but some of them might be crippled; they wouldn't be fighters. Remember that the capitalists have standing tonight their whole well-disciplined army of capitalism—bayonets, Maxim guns, long Toms, the navy, the army, the militia, the secret service, the detectives, the police are all there to protect the property of capital. I have got a better way, so I am temporarily going to pass up that confiscation idea.

Another one will say, "Well, competition. We could accomplish these things by competition." They look at the shop, it isn't a very big shop and they know that it was built by workers. "Well, why can't we build another shop and go into competition; build another railroad?" All these things can be done. But you can't build another Niagara Falls, can you, where the power is generated to run the shops? You can't build another coal bed, can you, nor another forest, nor other wheat fields? So we will have to pass up the idea of competition.

But another Socialist comes along with the idea of compensation, and that is the worst of the three C's. Really, we have already purchased these things, and haven't they been compensated enough? They have been riding on our backs all these years. (Applause.) They have enjoyed life and luxury. Compensation means, then, that we are to take control of the industries and relieve them of the responsibilities and pay them interest-bearing bonds, gold bonds, and that these capitalists, whom we have always regarded as exploiters, will have no harder work than to hire some one to clip coupons for them; that we will have a bond-holding aristocracy in this country that will ride us harder than the aristocracy of any country in the world. No, I say, pass up this compensation.

Well, there is another fellow, the Christian Socialist. (Laughter.) He has an idea of "Conversion." And I want to say to you that a Christian Socialist is one who is drunk on religious fanaticism and is trying to sober up on economic truth (laughter and applause), and when he gets about half-sober he thinks that he

can convert the capitalist to Christianity and that the capitalist will be willing to turn over all these things to the brotherhood of man. He overlooks the fact that the capitalist is a child of the devil, and that's a poor place for a Christian Socialist to proselyte. We will pass up the Christian Socialist with the "conversion."

Here is another man—they all follow in the line of C's. I use the C's so that you can—I was speaking down in Missouri where I had to show them—Confiscation, Compensation, Competition, Conversion. Now, the trade unionist believes in Coercion. I like that. I believe in the strike. I believe in the boycott. I believe in coercion. But I believe that it ought to be by two million men instead of by a handful of men. If they are going to play a game of coercion, let that game be strong so that the capitalist class will know that the trade unionists will mean every word they say. But they don't. Never did. Because they no sooner have the capitalists in a position where they recognize that this coercion means something, than some of their representatives will step in with a Compromise—there is another C—and then tie them up with a contract, and that contract for an indefinite period, one, two, or three years. And let me say to you that the trade unionist who becomes a party to a contract takes his organization out of the columns of fighting organizations; he removes it from the class struggle and he binds it up and makes it absolutely useless. For instance, let me give you a humble illustration. A labor organization is a fighting machine of the working class, or ought to be. If it is not, it isn't fulfilling its mission. You will all recognize this! (holding up a clenched fist.) As a fighting weapon it is composed of many members of several organizations, and they can all fight independently, work independently. They don't bother each other when they are at work, but if called upon for defense they settle down in a common fighting machine. Now suppose that I were foolish enough to tie one of them up with an agreement, a contract, running for a period of six months, what would become of it? It would rot off, wouldn't it; die off, decay? Not only that, but it would be useless to itself and all the others. I

might better cut it off altogether. And so you might better not be organized at all than to be organized as you are now. (Applause.)

And now we come to the constructive program, the program which every Industrialist understands. Remember that there isn't an Industrialist but what is a Socialist, and knows why. There are many Socialists who are trade unionists, but they couldn't tell you why in a hundred years. They couldn't justify it in a hundred years, except that they have to be to hold their jobs. Then we have the constructive program of Socialism, which means that the working class can be organized in a constructive and a defensive organization at the same time. Let me show you what I mean. Now, I want to present it to you so clearly that you will take it home with you. Suppose that the United Mine Workers of America, organized as they are industrially—but let me say they are hampered with all the tools of trade unionism—suppose that they would join hands with the Western Federation of Miners and we would cut loose entirely from the capitalist class, recognizing them on the economic as well as the political field as our enemies, having absolutely nothing to do with them. We would start a program then of organization, having for its purpose the taking in of every man employed in the mining industry throughout the United States. This work having been accomplished, or nearly perfected, is there a man or woman in this hall who believes that with such an organization we could **not** protect our lives? Don't you believe that if we had a class-conscious organization of the miners we could compel the mine owners to properly ventilate the mine, to remove the coal dust, to equip them with safety appliances for the protection of life and limb and to furnish a sufficient amount of timber to work them?

Can we do this? You know that we could if we had this power behind us; this organization. We then could protect our lives. We would have the mines in better shape. We could produce more

coal. But first having protected our lives we would think about our families and we would improve their conditions around the mines. We would see that there were better company houses for our families to live in; that the young men had first-class up-to-date apartment houses to dwell in; that the schools were first-class. Any reason why we couldn't? Not at all.

Having preserved our lives, improved the conditions of our homes, we would become better men physically and mentally. We can produce more coal. But—you garment workers have got all the power you need; don't need any more coal. We wouldn't produce coal just for fun, nor would we let each other ever deprive us of the luxuries and necessities of life. Not at all. How then could we reduce the output of coal? We would reduce the hours of labor. If we can produce enough coal in eight hours or six or four, you wouldn't want us to work any longer, would you?

Having preserved our lives, improved our home conditions, reduced our hours of labor, what does that suggest? Well, we would look around and see that the rest of the working class had kept pace with us, every one marching in rhythm, and we would say to you, "We will cut out the capitalist class now. We will lock them out. Every man that quits his job now is a scab. We want every man to work and we in turn will contribute for your labor everything that you need." This is the understanding that we would have. There would be no capitalist class in this game. There would be nothing but the working class. And this being an accomplished fact, we would say then that the Socialists despise covering up their aims and purposes. We would say that it is our purpose to overthrow the capitalist system by forcible means if necessary.

And I urge you workers tonight: determine upon this program. Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain. (Tremendous applause and cheers.)



VICTIMS, MARCH 25, 1911.

God Did It

BY

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

A NEW YORK jury composed of capitalistic cockroaches has absolved Harris & Blanck of the murder of 147 young workers in the Triangle shirt-waist factory fire of March 25, 1911.

Harris & Blanck, the two bosses, were tried only for the death of one girl worker, according to the crooked ways of capitalist courts, and since "it couldn't be proved" that they were responsible for this one girl's death, they were freed.

A member of the jury afterward expressed himself as follows:

"I can't see that anyone was responsible for the loss of life, and it seems to me that it must have been AN ACT OF GOD."

Poor God! The capitalists have got him just where they have the working class—

cornered! They tell us He can do all things. But there is one thing God can't do, it seems—He can't answer back. Else the moment this pitiful squirt uttered these words He would have rent the sky open, would have hurled His scepter aside, thrown off His robe, stepped down from His awful throne, taken this petty capitalist croaker by the throat, and rammed his statement back down him again.

Hasn't God any manhood at all? How long will He continue to allow Himself to be made the goat for capitalist crimes? Or is His eternal silence a confession of guilt? If so, then it is time we were knowing. Is it God who has been up to the deviltry of all these years? Is it God who traps the worker in blazing factory or buries him in

tomblike mine, without providing him with even one means of escape? Is it God who sends the sailor abroad in a rotten hulk of a ship and drowns him before he can leap from his foul bunk? Is it God who hurls the iron worker from his lofty perch a thousand feet to the stones below and mangles the brakeman and the machine hand into an unrecognizable mass, telling the weeping wives and children that He is very sorry but the dead men were guilty of contributory negligence? Is it God who takes

into His tender care all that the worker produces and hands him back just enough to live on?

The capitalists say so. Their priests and preachers, their professors and editors, their teachers and other kept men, say so.

But we have begun to suspect. We have begun to see that the capitalists have created God in their own image. And He is running up a terrible account which some day He will have to settle with the working class of the world.

What Will Become of Your Children?

BY

MARY E. MARCY

I WAS talking with a widow who runs a large "Rooming House" in Chicago a few days ago and she said:

"I have had a hard life, just work and drudgery all the time, but I can stand anything if only I can give my boy and girl a good education and fit them to earn good livings so they won't have to work as I have."

And this is just what you are probably saying, you fathers and mothers the whole world over. You are slaving cheerfully day after day, wearing old clothes and going without the pleasures your weary bodies crave in the hope that your boys and girls may remain in school and enter Life's work arena armed and equipped to come off victorious in the fierce struggle for existence.

But you have no money or very little money to start your boy in business and the Dun and Bradstreet commercial reports have proven in cold figures that only five per cent of the men or women who go into business ever succeed. That means that ninety-five out of every hundred boys are going to fail—to lose the little capital they invested and find themselves forced to hunt a master and go to work making profits for somebody else.

You and I know that the man or woman who starts a small store has no chance to win out against the big mail order houses

who manufacture many of the commodities they sell and who ship in car load lots. They will be unable to meet the prices of their gigantic competitors. It is cheaper to sell shoes, or coats or stoves straight from the manufacturer or the wholesaler than to have them pass through the hands of a middleman and people always have bought and always will continue to buy where prices are lowest.

Professional men and women are no better off. If the many thousands of doctors and lawyers that are graduated from our colleges every year, not more than one fifth of them succeed in making a comfortable living. The fierce competition among newspaper and literary men and women has also brought wages down to the bare cost of living. In the professional world, as elsewhere, the supply of men and women greatly exceeds the demand and the doctors and lawyers are compelled to resort to all sorts of shyster and quack tricks in order to make a hand to mouth existence.

The same story is heard among the skilled workers. The wireless telegraph operators are already trying to organize into a union to protect themselves, their claim being that common seamen are receiving higher monthly wages than the most expert wireless operators.

Molders find their old well-paying jobs

taken from them by the machine process. Bricklayers find cement workers encroaching upon their industrial territory. Glass blowers are experiencing a reduction in wages owing to the cheaper method of glass manufacturing by machinery. And from the Department of Agriculture at Washington and from the manufactures of modern farming machinery comes word of thousands of farm traction engines that shall ultimately eliminate nine-tenths of the human labor expended in farming. Even the mines have not been exempt and already machines have been invented that have displaced thousands of workers in the mining industries.

And this is only the beginning. The age of machine production has only begun. Every year will bring further improvements in the methods of production that will abolish the need of human labor power.

And with every improvement in the machinery of production thousands of men, women and children are thrown out of employment. Fewer jobs remain for those who work. More men are forced into the vast army of unemployed; more girls are forced to go out upon the streets to sell their bodies in order to make a living.

This is what your boy and your girl are facing. Look about you. Talk this matter over with your wife, your husband, your neighbors or your friends. Can any one of these give you any guaranty that your son and your daughter shall have a comfortable, an easy and a happy life?

Can any one of these assure you even that they will have a steady job and three wholesome meals a day as long as they live?

Can they find any way under the sun to give you lasting knowledge that your son, unable to get work, shall not become a tramp, a hobo, or a criminal? And what choice is there left for those who have no

property and are unable to find work save one of these?

What choice is left for the woman who is unable to find a job, save starvation or prostitution?

Have you known any group of men or women who had any hope to offer for the future of your children? Have you heard the eloquent Republican orator speak on these things? Has the Honorable Democratic Congressman from your district looked these facts in the face?

We know they have not, for this is the task and the promise of Socialism.

And this is why every working class father and mother should join the Socialist party.

The Socialist movement has sprung up in response to the actual daily need of the men and women who work. It is the only answer to those needs.

To those who work, Socialism is the most vital and the most wonderful thing in the world. For the sake of yourself and your children study Socialism and its program. Study Socialist books, read our papers, subscribe to this magazine, for Socialism alone can save and free the working class. And it can only save the workers through the organization and strength of the workers themselves.

Socialism proposes that the workers shall own the mills and mines, the lands and the factories; that every man and woman shall be guaranteed a job while he is able to work, and insurance when he is not, and that every working individual shall receive the full value of his product, without handing over any profits or rake-off to any idling boss!

Can any father or mother who belongs to working class give any intelligent reason why they should not become members of the army of Socialism? No matter how poorly paid or how overworked you may be, there is hope for you and there is hope for your children if you will join forces with the revolutionary working class in their struggle to abolish wage slavery.



Dick the militant



BY

CAROLINE NELSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES MEDIN.

DICK ROBERT'S father was a coal miner, who went to work every morning in the mine, and returned at nights begrimed with soot and dirt, and so tired that sometimes he had to rest a little before he could get up energy enough to wash himself in the tin basin, that did service for the whole family.

Dick and his sister had no playthings, except old bottles and tin cans. His sister put rags on the bottles and played that they were dolls. Dick put stones in the tin cans, and sometimes rattled them to amuse the baby, while the mother was busy.

It was the day before Christmas. Dick and his sister saw a load of Christmas trees come in from the country, past their house.

"What are those green trees for?" they both asked.

"People put them up their houses and decorate them with all kinds of bright and shiny things," said the mother.

"I can go out in the woods and cut one down myself," said Dick.

"No, my boy," said the mother, "the woods are many miles away from here.

Your shoes would give out before you got there. Next year maybe we can afford to get one."

"But it is such a long way off," complained Dick.

Just then Jimmy Sullivan, living across the road, came running toward the house.

"Say," he hollered out. "Ma is going to take us to a Christmas tree tonight. Can't you come along?"

"Oh, mama, let us," the children said, and screamed and clapped their hands in excitement.

"What does Jim want you to do?" asked the mother, but the children ran to the door to greet Jimmy with such glee that they couldn't hear what the mother said. Jimmy now told how they were invited to a hall by a fine lady, whom his mother used to work for, and that they had got permission to take other children with them.

So it came about that Dick and his sister saw a Christmas tree for the first time in their lives. How gorgeous this tree was, lighted with candles and festooned with gilt and silvery cobwebby stuff. All the children got some present. Dick and his sister each got a box. They were told

by the lady who gave the boxes to them, to open them Christmas morning. But they wanted so badly to see what was in them, that the moment they came home they tore them open.

"A doll with a pink dress!" exclaimed Dick's sister.

"Gee!" cried Dick. "Look at this!" and there was a regiment of tin soldiers, all in wonderful uniform, and made so that they could stand up.

It took the children a long time to go to sleep that night. Dick put his box of soldiers under his head, and dreamed that they all jumped out and formed themselves in marching order, ready to leave.

"Come back!" he called out, and found himself sitting up in bed, while the soldiers were safe in their box.

Some years after that a regiment of soldiers—real, live soldiers—came to the mining town to parade on a Fourth of July. Dick was standing on the curb and waved his cap and hurraed as they went by until he was hoarse. A man, very nice looking man, too, noticed Dick.

"You are a patriotic little fellow, aren't you?" he said, looking at Dick admiringly.

"Gee!" they are grand looking fellows," said Dick.

"Would you like to be a soldier?" asked the man.

"Sure! but I ain't old enough."

"You are old enough to join the boys' brigade which we are forming in our church."

Dick looked wonderingly at the man.

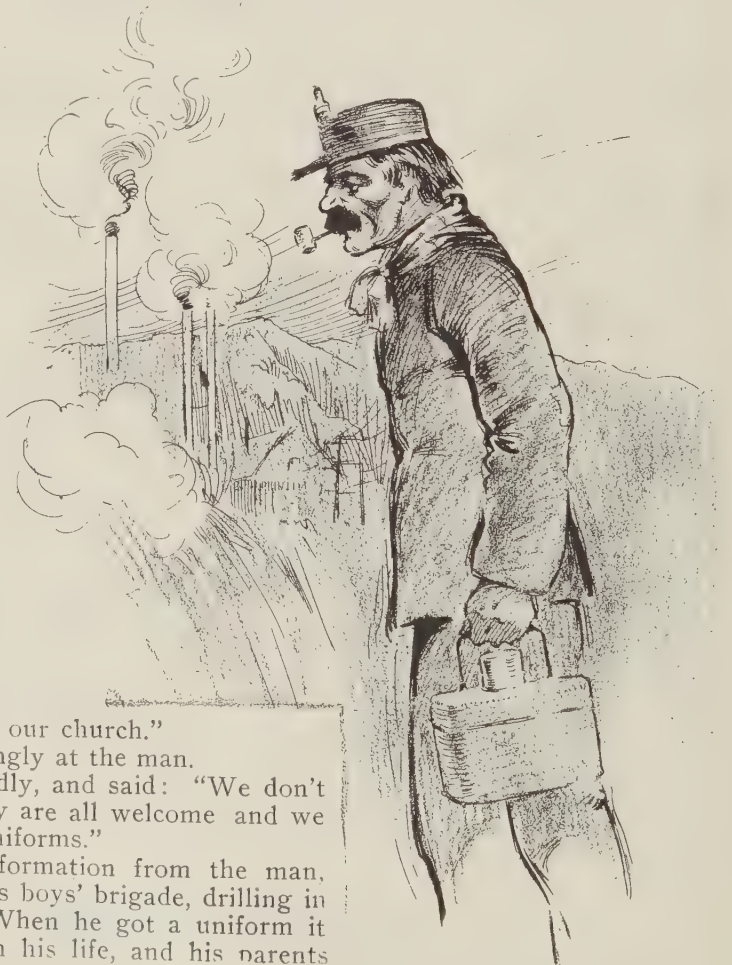
The man smiled kindly, and said: "We don't exclude poor boys. They are all welcome and we help them to get their uniforms."

Dick got further information from the man, and soon after joined this boys' brigade, drilling in the church basement. When he got a uniform it was the proudest day in his life, and his parents were proud of him, too.

But, sad to say, Dick soon got something else to think about. One day there was an explosion in the mine where his father worked. The miners' wives turned pale, and the children clung to their mothers in fright.

Dick's father wasn't hurt very much, said the doctor, but it would take him some time to get over. Dick had to go to work as a breaker boy. Poor Dick, when he worked he couldn't see anything for coal dust. His fingers got sore, and his eyes got watery. He could hardly breathe. But Dick wouldn't complain to his mother. He only speculated on how he could get away.

"If I could only get away from this dump," thought Dick, "then I could work so much better and get better pay." So



DAD WAS A MINER.

the second week, when he drew his pay, he vowed he would never come back.

It was Saturday evening. He put on his best clothes, and with fifty cents in his pocket, made his way to the railroad yard. There he boarded a freight car, in an outgoing freight train. All night the train rumbled on, while he dozed in a corner. In the morning the door was violently jerked back and a brakeman poked his head in.

"Get out," he said, "or I'll throw you out."

Dick lost no time in obeying the command. He found that he was in a little village. First he got some breakfast in a small eating house, then he began to look for work. All day he went from place to place, hunting for something to do, but nobody seemed to care to hire a strange boy, who had no trade. In the evening he was very tired and disgusted. He had to find another freight car that was sidetracked to get some place to sleep. With a sob in his heart, he settled himself in a corner, as he had done the previous evening. He put his face in his hand and had all he could do to keep from crying. No, I must be brave, he said to himself, and prayed to God that tomorrow he might find work.

He woke up stiff and cold and jumped out of the car. The sun was not yet up, but he could hear wagons in the distance come rattling toward the depot. On the platform, in front of the depot, were a lot of empty milk cans. One wagon after another drew up and unloaded full cans and took on empty ones. This gave Dick an idea. He went up to one, and said:

"Do you need a boy on the farm?"

"Can you milk?" asked the man.

"No, sir," said Dick, "but I can learn."

"Well, we ain't got no time to bother with you," said the man.

The next and the next answered very much the same. Dick knew he was up against a hard proposition. If he could milk he could get a job. Why not pretend he could milk. He had never tried it. Maybe he could. Why not say yes? The next farmer that asked, "Can you milk?" he said: "Yes, sir."

"What wages you been gettin'," asked the farmer next.

"Ten dollars a month," said Dick.

"You are a small boy for that wage," said the man looking him over sharply. "But I'll take you along and see what you can do, if you want to come. Where have you been workin'," asked the man further.

"About ten miles from here," said Dick, "but it didn't agree with me."

"Didn't get enough grub," suggested the man.

Dick shook his head, and grinned. He was glad the man found his own solution, and climbed up beside him.

When milking time drew near out on the farm, Dick's knees began to feel shaky under him. His heart pumped away so loud that he thought it would burst. He was given a bucket, and the farmer took another bucket, and both started for the corral to milk. The farmer went right up to a cow and squatted down beside her, holding the bucket between his knees, and took hold of two of her teats, and out came two streams of milk gurgling down in the bucket. Dick went to a cow and did just as he had seen the farmer do, but he couldn't get a drop of milk to come out of his cow's teats. Before Dick knew it the cow gave him a vicious kick, knocking him over, then she turned her head and looked at him as much as to say, "Don't fool with me like that."

The farmer had finished his first cow, and turned around in time to see Dick pick himself up, the bucket lying empty beside him.

"What is the trouble, boy? Ain't you been milking?" he asked half angry and half astonished.

Dick looked down on the ground, and didn't know what to say.

"You been a lyin' to me, ain't you?" asked the now furious farmer. "You never knew nothin' 'bout milkin'," he added, glaring at the boy.

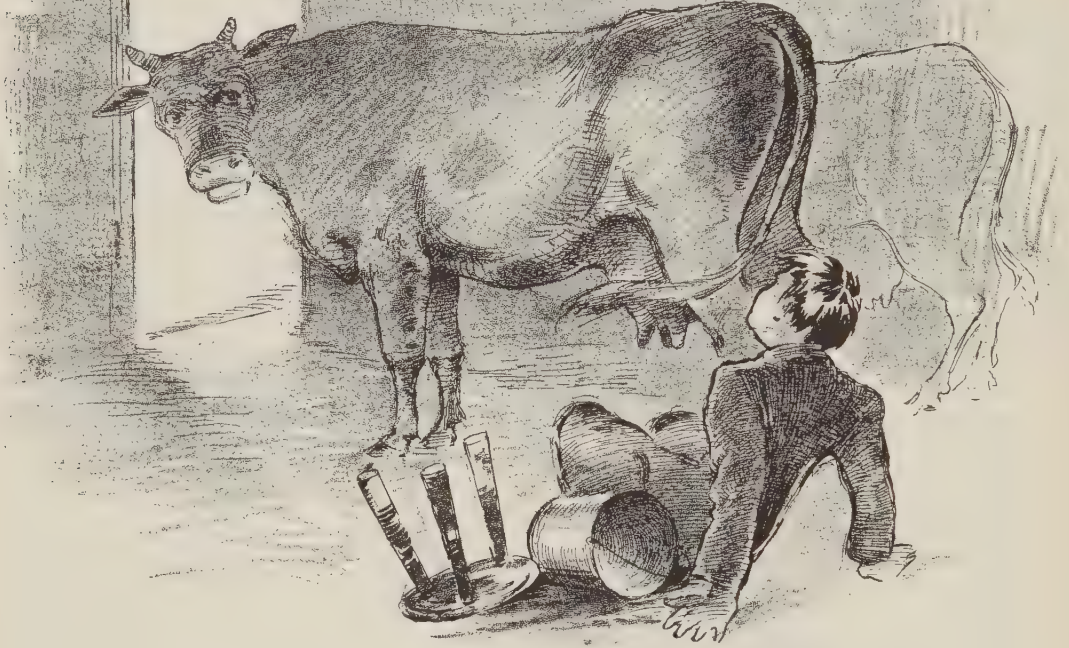
"I thought I could learn," said Dick meekly.

"You thought you'd lie, eh?"

"I had to have a job or beg or steal. I was a breaker boy in the mining camp and couldn't stand it, and ran away."

"I ain't runnin' no charity dump. You been a lyin' to me, that is enough. Get out! Get your coat and tell my wife to come and help me, and don't let me set eyes on you again on my property."

The farmer's small children were sitting



THE COW OBJECTS.

on the fence and laughed and jeered at Dick, as he went out with his empty bucket, and he felt so humiliated that he wished the ground would swallow him up.

The farmer's wife was a very kind woman, and she understood Dick when he explained matters to her, besides she was anxious to have a boy on the farm to help. So she said:

"You go on down the road now, boy, and I'll put a pair of blankets in the barn for you to sleep in, and we will see to-morrow morning what we can do for you, when my husband and I have talked it over."

The next morning it was all settled. The farmer's wife taught Dick how to milk, and he soon learned. It was hard work from early morning to late at night on the farm, but the farmer and his wife worked just as hard. Dick sat at the table with the family and there was plenty to eat. He grew like a weed. In a year he looked like a different boy.

Dick sent nearly all his little money home to his mother. It took his father much longer to get well than the doctor had said it would. But at last he was working again in the mine, and now Dick was going to save his money to get a piece of land, he thought.

The Fourth of July Dick went with the family to town to have a good time. There was the usual parading of soldiers and speech making. Dick again viewed the uniformed, brass-buttoned boys, with their brass band ahead of them, with a feeling of great admiration.

The orator of the day was a very imposing looking citizen compared to the muscular and raw-boned crowd of farmers and workers that listened to him. He was bald-headed, short-necked and big-bellied, but he spoke so nobly about the heroes that had offered up their lives on the battle field, that people applauded him wildly. Dick listened to him with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes. What was farm life

compared to a glorious military career? Dick asked himself all the way back to the farm that night.

Dick went to bed with his mind all in a turmoil, but the next morning it was all clear to him. He was going to join the army and become a real soldier. A few days after that he bade his farmer friends and employer good bye.

"A healthy lad with no bad habits," said the army surgeon who examined him at the recruiting station.

But the soldier's life in the army post was not what Dick had imagined it to be. The officers looked down with contempt on the common soldier. The daily drilling became very monotonous, and the barracks were desolate places. Dick had never thought of living in a world where there were no women or children, but that was practically what life in the post meant, and how hideous, comfortless it seemed.

Many soldiers run away, and Dick began to plan about running away, too, taking his chances of being caught and punished. But one morning marching orders were given. The soldiers were tickled almost to death. They would welcome anything which took them away from the dreary army post life.

To Dick's astonishment they were ordered to a mining camp, where there was a strike on. The soldiers were distributed as guards throughout the camp. Dick with another soldier was stationed at a road crossing, and they received orders to shoot anyone going toward the mines, who did not stop and give an account of himself.

It was a dark evening. Dick walked back and forth with his gun in his hand. He couldn't help but feel that he was really important now, was life and death not in his hands? A spirit of bravado took possession of him. He threw out his chest and wished that something would happen, so that he could show his authority.

Hark! There was a sound of running feet. Two men attempted to run the gauntlet.

"Halt!" cried Dick, but the men paid no attention to it, and Dick fired point blank at one of them. The man swayed and was caught by his comrade who instantly struck a match. The feeble glare from the lighted match fell across the face of the wounded man.

"My God!" yelled Dick, and reeled forward, dropping the smoking gun.

"Oh, father," he whimpered, "where are you hurt?" he asked with a frightened moan.

A petty officer came running up and ordered Dick back to his post. For an answer Dick struck him in the face. He was mad with grief. In a second he realized that he must escape, and ran for his life. He was pursued, but the darkness hid him.

Dick made his way to the miners' quarters. There were lights in nearly all of their little shacks. In one he could see through the window that there was some kind of a gathering. He knocked on the door. A man opened it.

"What do you want here?" he asked gruffly, looking at the boy's uniform.

"I want to speak to some of you miners," said Dick.

"Let him in," said a voice inside.

The men all looked at the boy soldier in a questioning way.

"My name is Roberts," said Dick. The rest he couldn't tell, except in broken words and moans. The miners hated the soldiers who had come to protect the mining company, and their scabs to break the strike, but when they heard Dick's story, they realized that those soldiers were the workers' boys who had been enticed into the army.

"Sure," said a miner, who seemed to be the spokesman, "that is what I always said, that it is the workers' sons who make up the army, and in time of strike are rushed out to shoot their own fathers down, or their comrades' fathers and brothers, whenever they go on strike to get a little more bread for themselves and family. That is what all that cheap patriotism is hawked about for in school and church and in Fourth of July orations," he said bitterly.

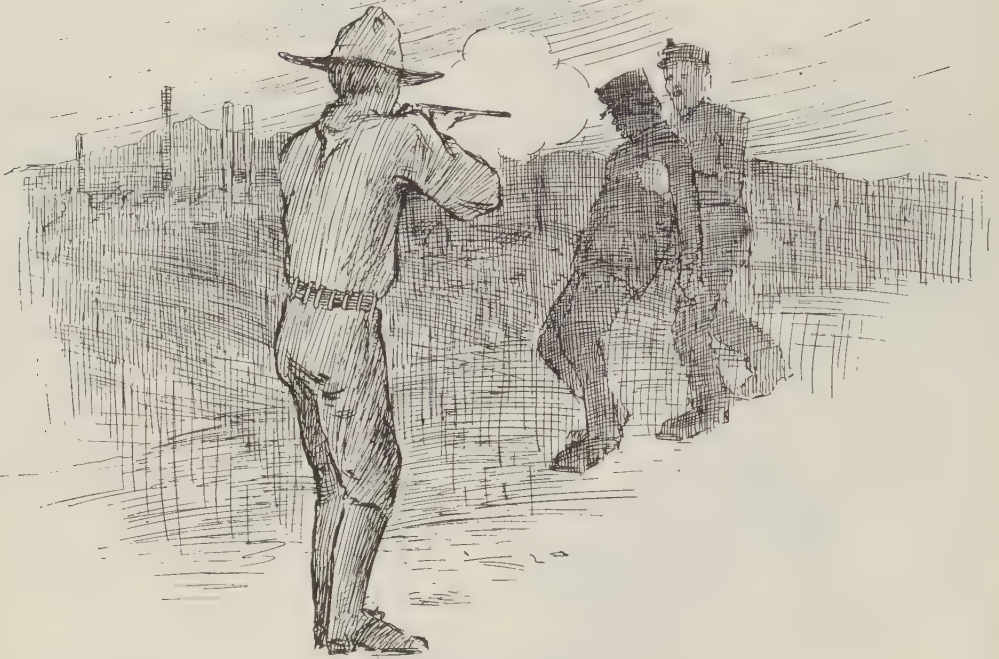
"Roberts," spoke another miner, "why I know him. He doesn't live far from where I live."

"Will you show me the way?" asked Dick.

"The boy had better get that uniform off, or we will all get into trouble," said another man.

"I can fit him out in some old duds of mine," said a young fellow.

"All right, run along and get them, and



DICK FIRED POINT BLANK.

bring them here," ordered the spokesman.

Dick gratefully put on the cheap, sweat-shop product, the young fellow brought him, and hurried on to his father's house.

He knocked gently on the door, and heard soft footsteps coming inside.

"Who is it?" asked a voice.

"It is Dick, mother,"

The door was flung open, and the mother folded the boy in her arms, and sobbed and cried. "My darling boy," she said, "we thought we had lost you. We haven't heard from you since we moved out to this camp. God must have sent you to us this evening of all evenings."

"Why, mother?" asked Dick fearfully.

"Well," said the mother, with the tears running down her sad, worn, face, "your father went on picket duty tonight, and was shot by a murderous soldier."

Dick stared at his mother with a pale, tense face. His lips moved but no sound was uttered.

The mother looked at Dick's haggard face, and said:

"Don't take it so hard, my boy, the doctor said that it is not a serious wound."

"Is he sleeping, mother?" asked Dick a little comforted.

She nodded, and whispered, "I am going to sit up with him tonight."

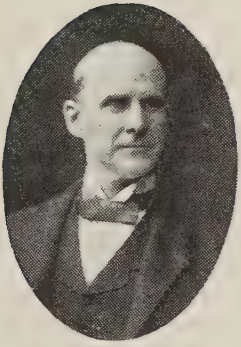
"No, mother," said Dick, "I'll do that."

Throughout the long night Dick watched by his father's side. The bullet had gone through the shoulder, and had caused a very painful wound. The doctor had given him some sleeping medicine. Toward morning the patient opened his eyes. He looked at Dick bewildered at first, but gradually there came an intelligent look in his eyes, and he said:

"Why Dick, where did you come from? I remember I saw you, now. Did you do that shooting, boy?"

Dick nodded in silence for an answer. The father and son looked at each other for some time without speaking, then the father said:

"Give me your hand, boy; when the workers become wise there will be no more of this shooting and killing business, for we shall then know that the killer and killed are all fathers, sons and brothers."



Sound Socialist Tactics

BY

EUGENE V. DEBS

SOcialists are practically all agreed as to the fundamental principles of their movement. But as to tactics there is wide variance among them. The matter of sound tactics, equally with the matter of sound principles, is of supreme importance. The disagreements and dissensions among Socialists relate almost wholly to tactics. The party splits which have occurred in the past have been due to the same cause, and if the party should ever divide again, which it is to be hoped it will not, it will be on the rock of tactics.

Revolutionary tactics must harmonize with revolutionary principles. We could better hope to succeed with reactionary principles and revolutionary tactics than with revolutionary principles and reactionary tactics.

The matter of tactical differences should be approached with open mind and in the spirit of tolerance. The freest discussion should be allowed. We have every element and every shade of capitalist society in our party, and we are in for a lively time at the very best before we work out these differences and settle down to a policy of united and constructive work for Socialism instead of spending so much time and energy lampooning one another.

In the matter of tactics we cannot be guided by the precedents of other countries. We have to develop our own and they must be adapted to the American people and to American conditions. I am not sure that I have the

right idea about tactics; I am sure only that I appreciate their importance, that I am open to correction, and that I am ready to change whenever I find myself wrong.

It seems to me there is too much rancor and too little toleration among us in the discussion of our differences. Too often the spirit of criticism is acrid and hypercritical. Personal animosities are engendered, but opinions remain unchanged. Let us waste as little as possible of our militant spirit upon one another. We shall need it all for our capitalist friends.

There has recently been some rather spirited discussion about a paragraph which appears in the pamphlet on "Industrial Socialism," by William D. Haywood and Frank Bohn. The paragraph follows:

"When the worker, either through experience or study of socialism, comes to know this truth, he acts accordingly. He retains absolutely no respect for the property 'rights' of the profit-takers. He will use any weapon which will win his fight. He knows that the present laws of property are made by and for the capitalists. Therefore he does not hesitate to break them."

The sentences which I have italicized provoked the controversy.

We have here a matter of tactics upon which a number of comrades of ability and prominence have sharply disagreed. For my own part I believe the paragraph to be entirely sound.

Certainly all Socialists, knowing how

and to what end capitalist property "rights" are established, must hold such "rights" in contempt. In the Manifesto Marx says: "The communist (Socialist) revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas."

As a revolutionist I can have no respect for capitalist property laws, nor the least scruple about violating them. I hold all such laws to have been enacted through chicanery, fraud and corruption, with the sole end in view of dispossessing, robbing and enslaving the working class. But this does not imply that I propose making an individual law-breaker of myself and butting my head against the stone wall of existing property laws. That might be called force, but it would not be that. It would be mere weakness and folly.

If I had the force to overthrow these despotic laws I would use it without an instant's hesitation or delay, but I haven't got it, and so I am law-abiding under protest—not from scruple—and bide my time.

Here let me say that for the same reason I am opposed to sabotage and to "direct action." I have not a bit of use for the "propaganda of the deed." These are the tactics of anarchist individualists and not of Socialist collectivists. They were developed by and belong exclusively to our anarchist friends and accord perfectly with their philosophy. These and similar measures are reactionary, not revolutionary, and they invariably have a demoralizing effect upon the following of those who practice them. If I believed in the doctrine of violence and destruction as party policy; if I regarded the class struggle as guerilla warfare, I would join the anarchists and practice as well as preach such tactics.

It is not because these tactics involve the use of force that I am opposed to them, but because they do not. The physical forcast is the victim of his own boomerang. The blow he strikes reacts upon himself and his followers. The force that implies power is utterly lacking, and it can never be developed by such tactics.

The foolish and misguided, zealots and fanatics, are quick to applaud and eager to employ such tactics, and the result is usually hurtful to themselves and to the cause they seek to advance.

There have been times in the past, and there are countries today where the frenzied deed of a glorious fanatic like old John Brown seems to have been inspired by Jehovah himself, but I am now dealing with the twentieth century and with the United States.

There may be, too, acute situations arise and grave emergencies occur, with perhaps life at stake, when recourse to violence might be justified, but a great body of organized workers, such as the Socialist movement, cannot predicate its tactical procedure upon such exceptional instances.

But my chief objection to all these measures is that they do violence to the class psychology of the workers and cannot be successfully inculcated as mass doctrine. The very nature of these tactics adapts them to guerilla warfare, to the bomb planter, the midnight assassin; and such warfare, in this country at least, plays directly into the hands of the enemy.

Such tactics appeal to stealth and suspicion, and cannot make for solidarity. The very teaching of sneaking and surreptitious practices has a demoralizing effect and a tendency to place those who engage in them in the category of "Black Hand" agents, dynamiters, safe-blowers, hold-up men, burglars, thieves and pickpockets.

If sabotage and direct action, as I interpret them, were incorporated in the tactics of the Socialist party, it would at once be the signal for all the agents provocateur and police spies in the country to join the party and get busy. Every solitary one of them would be a rabid "direct actionist," and every one would safely make his "get-away" and secure his reward, a la McPartland, when anything was "pulled off" by their dupes, leaving them with their necks in the nooses.

With the sanctioning of sabotage and similar practices the Socialist party would stand responsible for the deed of every spy or madman, the seeds of strife

would be subtly sown in the ranks, mutual suspicion would be aroused, and the party would soon be torn into warring factions to the despair of the betrayed workers and the delight of their triumphant masters.

If sabotage or any other artifice of direct action could be successfully employed, it would be wholly unnecessary, as better results could be accomplished without it. To the extent that the working class has power based upon class-consciousness, force is unnecessary; to the extent that power is lacking, force can only result in harm.

I am opposed to any tactics which involve stealth, secrecy, intrigue, and necessitate acts of individual violence for their execution.

The work of the Socialist movement must all be done out in the broad open light of day. Nothing can be done by stealth that can be of any advantage to it in this country.

The workers can be emancipated only by their own collective will, the power inherent in themselves as a class, and this collective will and conquering power can only be the result of education, enlightenment and self-imposed discipline.

Sound tactics are constructive, not destructive. The collective reason of the workers repels the idea of individual violence where they are free to assert themselves by lawful and peaceable means.

The American workers are law-abiding and no amount of sneering or derision will alter that fact. Direct action will never appeal to any considerable number of them while they have the ballot and the right of industrial and political organization.

Its tactics alone have prevented the growth of the Industrial Workers of the World. Its principles of industrial unionism are sound, but its tactics are not. Sabotage repels the American worker. He is ready for the industrial union, but he is opposed to the "propaganda of the deed," and as long as the I. W. W. adheres to its present tactics and ignores political action, or treats it with contempt by advising the workers to "strike at the ballot box with an ax," they will regard it as an anarchist organization,

and it will never be more than a small fraction of the labor movement.

The sound education of the workers and their thorough organization, both economic and political, on the basis of the class struggle, must precede their emancipation. Without such education and organization they can make no substantial progress, and they will be robbed of the fruits of any temporary victory they may achieve, as they have been through all the centuries of the past.

For one, I hope to see the Socialist party place itself squarely on record at the coming national convention against sabotage and every other form of violence and destructiveness suggested by what is known as "direct action."

It occurs to me that the Socialist party ought to have a standing committee on tactics. The art or science of proletarian party tactics might well enlist the serious consideration of our clearest thinkers and most practical propagandists.

To return for a moment to the paragraph above quoted from the pamphlet of Haywood and Bohn. I agree with them that in their fight against capitalism the workers have a right to use any weapon that will help them to win. It should not be necessary to say that this does not mean the black-jack, the dirk, the lead-pipe or the sawed-off shotgun. The use of these weapons does not help the workers to win, but to lose, and it would be ridiculous to assume that they were in the minds of the authors when they penned that paragraph.

The sentence as it reads is sound. It speaks for itself and requires no apology. The workers will use any weapon which will help them **win** their fight.

The most powerful and the all-sufficient weapons are the industrial union and the Socialist party, and they are not going to commit suicide by discarding these and resorting to the slung-shot, the dagger and the dynamite bomb.

Another matter of party concern is the treatment of so-called "intellectuals" in the Socialist movement. Why the term "intellectual" should be one of reproach in the Socialist party is hard to understand, and yet there are many Socialists who sneer at a man of intellect as if he were an interloper and out of place

among Socialists. For myself I am always glad to see a man of brains, of intellect, join the movement. If he comes to us in good faith he is a distinct acquisition and is entitled to all the consideration due to any other comrade.

To punish a man for having brains is rather an anomalous attitude for an educational movement. The Socialist party, above every other, should offer a premium on brains, intellectual capacity, and attract to itself all the mental forces that can be employed to build up the Socialist movement, that it may fulfill its emancipating mission.

Of course the Socialist movement is essentially a working class movement, and I believe that as a rule party officials and representatives, and candidates for public office, should be chosen from the ranks of the workers. The intellectuals in office should be the exceptions, as they are in the rank and file.

There is sufficient ability among the workers for all official demands, and if there is not, it should be developed without further delay. It is their party, and why should it not be officered and represented by themselves?

An organization of intellectuals would not be officered and represented by wage-earners; neither should an organization of wage-earners be officered and represented by intellectuals.

There is plenty of useful work for the intellectuals to do without holding office, and the more intellectual they are the greater can their service be to the movement. Lecturers, debaters, authors, writers, artists, cartoonists, statisticians, etc., are in demand without number, and the intellectuals can serve to far better advantage in those capacities than in official positions.

I believe, too, in rotation in office. I confess to a prejudice against officialism and a dread of bureaucracy. I am a thorough believer in the rank and file, and in ruling from the **bottom up** instead of **being ruled from the top down**. The natural tendency of officials is to become bosses. They come to imagine that they are indispensable and unconsciously shape their acts to keep themselves in office.

The officials of the Socialist party

should be its servants, and all temptation to yield to the baleful influence of officialism should be removed by constitutional limitation of tenure.

There is a tendency in some states to keep the list of locals a solemn secret. The sheep have got to be protected against the wolves. No one must know what locals there are, or who its officials, for fear they may be corrupted by outside influences. This is an effective method for herding sheep, but not a good way to raise men. If the locals must be guarded against the wolves on the outside, then some one is required to guard them, and that some one is a boss, and it is the nature of the boss to be jealous of outside influences.

If our locals and the members who compose them need the protection of secrecy, they are lacking in the essential revolutionary fiber which can be developed only in the play of the elements surrounding them, and with all the avenues of education and information, and even of miseducation and misinformation, wide open for their reception. They have got to learn to distinguish between their friends and their enemies and between what is wise and what is otherwise and until the rank and file are so educated and enlightened their weakness will sooner or later deliver them as the prey of their enemies.

Still another matter about which there has been not a little ill-natured discussion is the proposed investigation of the Kerr publishing house. I cannot help wondering what business the national committee has making such an investigation. It would be quite as proper, in my opinion, to order an investigation of a building and loan association in which members have their savings invested.

It is true, without a doubt, that the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW has published articles with which many of us disagreed, but why should it be investigated on that account? Are we Socialists who are constantly protesting against the suppression of free speech now going to set an example of what we propose doing by putting a gag on the lips of our own publications?

I don't agree with a good deal that appears in the REVIEW, and I like it all the

better on that account. That is the reason, in fact, why I subscribe for it and read it, and I cannot for the life of me understand why any one would want to suppress it on that account.

If the REVIEW and the concern which publishes it belonged to the national party it would be different, but it does not belong to the party, and the party is in no wise responsible for it, and if I were a stockholder I should regard the action of the national committee as the sheerest impertinence and treat it accordingly.

I do not know if the house of Kerr & Co. needs investigating or not. I am satisfied that it does not, but it is none of my business.

The Kerr company consists, as I understand it, of some fifteen hundred stockholders, nearly all of whom are Socialists and none of whom, as far as I am advised, are feeble-minded and in need of a guardian. They have paid in all the money, they own all the stock and they are responsible for the concern; and if they want their publishing business investigated that is their affair and not the affair of the national committee of the Socialist party.

If the object aimed at is to punish Kerr & Co. and cripple the REVIEW for its advocacy of industrial unionism and for opposing pure and simple craftism, and for keeping open columns and exercising the right of a free speech, then it will be found in due time that the uncalled-for investigation of the national committee and the uncomradely spirit which prompted it will have produced the opposite effect.

I cannot close without appealing for both the industrial and political solidarity of the workers.

I thoroughly believe in economic as well as political organization, in the industrial union and in the Socialist party.

I am an industrial unionist because I am a Socialist and a Socialist because I am an industrial unionist.

I believe in making every effort within our power to promote industrial unionism among the workers and to have them all united in one economic organization. To accomplish this I would encourage industrial independent organization,

especially among the millions who have not yet been organized at all, and I would also encourage the "boring from within" for all that can be accomplished by the industrial unionists in the craft unions.

I would have the Socialist party recognize the historic necessity and inevitability of industrial unionism, and the industrial union reciprocally recognize the Socialist party, and so declare in the respective preambles to their constitutions.

The Socialist party cannot be neutral on the union question. It is compelled to declare itself by the logic of evolution, and as a revolutionary party it cannot commit itself to the principles of reactionary unionism. Not only must the Socialist party declare itself in favor of economic unionism, but the kind of unionism which alone can complement the revolutionary action of the workers on the political field.

I am opposed under all circumstances to any party alliances or affiliations with reactionary trade unions and to compromising tactics of every kind and form, excepting alone in event of some extreme emergency. While the "game of politics," as it is understood and as it is played under capitalist rules, is as repugnant to me as it can possibly be to any one, I am a thorough believer in political organization and political action.

Political power is essential to the workers in their struggle, and they can never emancipate themselves without developing and exercising that power in the interests of their class.

It is not merely in a perfunctory way that I advocate political action, but as one who has faith in proletarian political power and in the efficacy of political propaganda as an educational force in the Socialist movement. I believe in a constructive political program and in electing all the class-conscious workers we can, especially as mayors, judges, sheriffs and as members of the state legislatures and the national congress.

The party is now growing rapidly, and we are meeting with some of the trials which are in store for us and which will

no doubt subject us to the severest tests. We need to have these trials, which are simply the fires in which we have to be tempered for the work before us.

There will be all kinds of extremists to deal with, but we have nothing to fear from them. Let them all have their day. The great body of the comrades, the rank and file, will not be misled by false teachings or deflected from the true course.

We must put forth all our efforts to

control our swelling ranks by the use of wise tactics and to assimilate the accessions to our membership by means of sound education and party discipline.

The new year has opened auspiciously for us, and we have never been in such splendid condition on the eve of a national campaign.

Let us all buckle on our armor and go forth determined to make this year mark an epoch in the social revolution of the United States.

A Lesson for Socialists

We reprint herewith a document which we recommend to the thoughtful consideration of members of the Socialist Party everywhere. It is a resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the newly formed British Socialist Party and addressed to the railroad workers whose general revolt came so near dislocating the entire industrial and social life of Merrie England last summer. It is of immense significance as marking the departure of British Socialists from the old policy, so long clung to, of so-called "neutrality" towards the economic organizations of the workers and of pure and simple politics. When that great strike began, the Socialist organizations of England found themselves completely outside of the greatest working class movement in the history of Great Britain. This resolution indicates their final waking up to the fact that the Socialist Party cannot afford to confine itself to the advocacy of political action alone, but must be with the workers in their every struggle, even though that be the dreaded "general strike." That is exactly the doctrine for which this magazine has consistently stood up. There is a distinct lesson for the Socialist Party of the United States in the passage of this resolution. It shows very clearly that the Socialist Party, like every other organization, must keep up with the times. It cannot adhere to a "stand-pat" policy and remain vigorous. Standing pat means stagnation, and finally reaction. We counsel a careful reading of this resolution. It is full of meaning for every Socialist.

IT IS with no desire to interfere in your business, but as well-wishers to the cause of labor, and therefore concerned for its effective organization, that we ask you to consider what follows:

"Your wretchedly low wages and the sweated conditions under which you work are a scandal to the nation.

"In August last you wisely and courageously determined upon a big united effort to improve this state of things, and on the nineteenth of that month you made yourselves masters of the situation by withdrawing your labor in a mass and thereby creating a deadlock of the railway traffic. By standing firmly together for a few days (at the longest) you could have enforced every reasonable demand that you made. The companies were helpless and the government was at its wit's end.

"Yet in the very moment of your success the fruits of victory were rejected by your

trade union officials—assisted by leading 'labor' M. P.'s—in their stupid and cowardly acceptance of a Royal Commission of Inquiry, a stale device which you had contemptuously declined but a few days before.

"The object of the directors and friends in the government in trapping you into an 'inquiry' was, of course, to gain time, and meanwhile get you back to work—that is, to break the strike by a trick. Thanks to the incompetency of your own representatives the companies succeeded in obtaining three months' breathing space in which to prepare and arrange for your next move.

"The Railway Commission's report gives you nothing—it was never intended to—and the government's new resolution of November 22, asking both sides to meet 'to discuss the best mode of giving effect to the report' of that commission gets you, and can get you nowhere.

"Meanwhile your trade union officials and the leaders of the Parliamentary 'Labor' party group appear to be divided between their alarm at your righteous indignation and militant spirit and their own consuming anxiety for peace at any price. And a ballot is being taken by them on the question of whether, after all, to strike now. Your officials give you no help to come to a decision, but appear to be merely intent on shouldering all responsibility on to others.

"It appears to us that, having given away the magnificent opportunity of August 19 and allowed the companies three months' grace in which to get ready for you, a strike at this present time on the limited lines (railway men only), which at that date might have spelt victory, might now very easily prove unsuccessful.

"We, therefore, advise you not to take the risk of a beating but to make your next effort irresistible by first arranging with your fellow workers and the seamen to act all together and simultaneously. Such a combination would be overwhelming if well and faithfully conducted—and surely you will not permit yourselves to be 'had' again!

"This combination would not only secure the enforcement of your own immediate claims, but would also constitute an invaluable object lesson of the solidarity of labor and its enormous power when acting in con-

cert. It would demonstrate, moreover, the dependence of the whole nation for its very existence upon the workers alone.

"Special attention should, of course, be given to the means of your own support during such a general holiday. Strike pay in money would be of no use in view of the scarcity of food and the consequent rise in prices. The union funds should be spent beforehand in necessary foodstuffs, and at least three weeks' supply should be stored in every striker's home.

"Further, the combined strike must be sudden. A joint strike committee representing the workers in the four allied industries should be appointed, and the power to declare a combined strike without further warning be placed in their hands. Surprise is the most potent ally in class warfare.

"Finally, beware that when you do strike it shall be for substance, not shadow. 'Recognition' of your officials by the companies means nothing more than a further series of 'arrangements' pledging you to docility and tame inaction over long agreed periods. See that you keep your hands free at all costs.

"Our sympathies are with you, heart and soul; and it is because we are eager to help you that we thus adjure you to make certain of success beforehand.

"THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF
THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

"21a Maiden lane, Strand, London, W. C."

TRADES UNIONS work well as centers of resistance against the encroachments of capital. They fail partially from an injudicious use of their power. They fail generally from limiting themselves to a guerrilla war against the effects of the existing system, instead of **SIMULTANEOUSLY** trying to change it; instead of using their organized forces as a lever for the final emancipation of the working class, that is to say, the ultimate abolition of the wages system.—Karl Marx.



Cleaned Ramie Fibre

Ramie Stalks

THE NEW WAY—FIBRE-STRIPPING MACHINE—2 TONS PER DAY

Ramie—King Cotton in Danger

BY BAEWEL E. PETILLION

The Revival of an Ancient Industry Through the Invention of a New Fiber-Stripping Machine

HAVE you ever heard of the draperies of the ancient queens of India that were so thin and fine that they could be drawn through finger rings; and did you ever stop to think what they were made of? Ramie, one of the most wonderful and valuable of all textile fibers, was used in their manufacture.

This fiber is a tropical or sub-tropical perennial plant, originating in Asia, where it has been grown from time immemorial, and for ages was used in the only linen known to commerce.

The Egyptian mummies were preserved in wrappings made of this Ramie linen, which is the only textile substance that does not rot in moisture, and had it not been for this impervious material the mummies would quickly have fallen apart.

When civilization made its invasion from the Orient into the Occident, where people up to then were dressed in furs and hides, the invading Oriental tribes naturally looked for a fiber plant similar to Ramie, of which to make their garments, and finding the flax plant they used it for this purpose. While this made

a much inferior linen to Ramie, it was converted so much easier into fabrics, and therefore so much cheaper that ever since flax has come into general use for linen goods, although Ramie has continued to be used in the Orient.

The Ramie plant is of very quick growth, averaging one inch per day, and having a long distance from leaf to leaf, it produces a very fine and strong fiber that is from 12 to 17 inches long.

Any kind of fabric can be made of

Ramie, or it can be woven in combination with other fibers; mixed with silk it does not decrease its luster, but increases its durability considerably and lowers the price, while mixed with cotton or wool, it greatly improves these textiles in every respect. The utility of Ramie, in short, is unlimited.

Ramie requires little cultivation and this only the first year after planting. If grown from seed, one crop can be had the first year; if from roots, cuttings or transplantings, it can give two crops. From the second year on it will yield five to six crops, while under favorable conditions even seven have been obtained. But little cultivation other than harvesting is needed until after about five years' growth, when the roots should be thinned out, and the roots thus secured should, of course, be used to enlarge the plantation.

For a long period of time scientists and manufacturers of all civilized nations recognized the great value of Ramie as a textile fiber, and experiments to find a method by which this fiber could be treated, elaborated and spun in competition with other fibers never ceased.

Just 100 years ago the first patent application was made in the United States for a Ramie-stripping machine, and many



THE OLD WAY—EACH WORKER CLEANED 5 POUNDS PER DAY.

others followed during the last century. Up to now the comparatively small quantity of Ramie fiber had therefore to be stripped off by hand in China, where hand labor is cheapest, but even then the cost was still too high to allow successful competition with cotton or flax.

Now, however, with the advent of a new perfected decorticating machine, invented by Mr. G. William Schlichten, that strips the fiber from the stalks at a lower cost than it can be done by the cheap labor in China, the world's market is open for this important material.

Standing on wheels similar to a thresher, this machine is fed by hand on one end and delivers the fiber on the other end, while a blower conveys the waste wood to the engine, there to be used as fuel. The capacity is said to be about one and one-half to two tons of cleaned fiber per day. Its use will be of far-reaching economical consequences all over the world, and especially in the United States.

The company that owns the patents is so sure of success that it don't sell any machine, but leases them on a royalty and contract. The result is an almost unlimited monopoly.

Considering the fact that practically any textile web can be made of Ramie

fiber, such as cloth for men's and women's wear, underwear, table draperies, velvet, gas mantles, electric wire insulation, etc., and that Ramie can be very successfully grown in the southern part of the United States, the invention of this machine will bring an entirely new industry to this country.

Experts from the United States Agricultural Department predict that before long the Ramie industry will have the same importance as cotton.

Several hundred acres of it are now under cultivation in the Imperial valley, in California, but the decorticated fiber is still shipped to Germany to be woven and reimported to this country mainly as underwear.

As soon as the cultivation has reached a few thousand acres the first Ramie weaving mill will be erected in the United States.

Los Angeles will acquire the fame of ancient Damascus in the Orient for its fine linen, and yet probably surpass Dublin, Ireland, or Bielefeld, in Germany, as a modern linen center.

However, the mission of this invention isn't ended with this. The perfection of the Ramie decorticator to its commercial exploitation was so difficult that the stripping of nearly all other textile fiber plants is as child's play.

The devices for stripping the fiber can be adjusted; thereby, flax, hemp, sisal, jute, New Zealand flax, etc., can be also successfully decorticated at a small fraction of the cost of the cheapest hand labor of the cheapest country.

In these lines great economical changes will follow the march of this machine. So, for instance, 8,000,000 tons of flax straw are annually burned in the United States alone, as, on account of the high-priced hand labor, nearly all flax is harvested for the seed only. Now, these 8,000,000 tons will enter this magic instrument as worthless refuse and come out like golden hairs of flax.

The saving of this fiber will make the United States independent of Europe for flax linen, which comes now mostly from the British Islands, Germany, France and Belgium. The European linen



SEVEN FEET TALL RAMIE.

workers will have to follow the transmigration of the linen mills to the United States or look for other work.

By far the greater part of cleaned hemp fiber is imported from Russia, Philippine Islands and other countries where hand labor is cheaper than here. The United States will soon be able to raise its own hemp. It is now cultivated, to a certain extent, in the state of Kentucky, where it is cleaned by hand. Here, too, the hemp grower will say to the negro hemp stripper: "Sam, you've lost your job."

The hemp and flax strippers all over the world—even the Ramie strippers in China—will soon get the same answer when they come to ask for work. But for those who are eager to learn, the lesson is well worth its price.

Violence in Class Struggles

BY

MARCUS HITCH

LOGIC, says Joseph Dietzgen, the proletarian logician, is the art of making proper distinctions, and, of course, also proper combinations. There has been quite a teapot tempest lately in the Socialist press over a certain pamphlet containing these words:

"He [the Socialist worker] retains absolutely no respect for the property rights of the profit takers. He will use any weapon which will win his fight. He knows that the present laws of property are made by and for the capitalists. Therefore, he does not hesitate to break them. He knows that whatever action advances the interests of the working class is right, because it will save the workers from destruction and death."

Critics of the pamphlet have claimed that this amounts to preaching violence and is contrary to accepted Socialist doctrine. Let us see if by applying the art of making proper distinctions and combinations, we can throw any light on the question. There are many different ways of carrying on the class war, but those which concern us just now are two only, viz: political action and what is commonly called violence, that is, direct injury to persons or property. Both of these methods are recognized by European Socialists, but not in all cases; they make certain distinctions. In constitutional states, where there is a free ballot, they discountenance violence; in despotic states where the ballot is denied, anything goes and no questions asked. As we took our Socialist theory from Europe, it was perfectly natural to accept this classification of states and apply it to America. We have a free ballot; *ergo* violence here is unjustified. Q. E. D. ——— Except, of course, when the defeated party refuses to surrender the offices to the victorious candidate, then we are told to mount the barricades.

The fallacy in this chain of reasoning lies in the major premise, viz: the assumption that all free ballot states are alike and belong in the same class, which is not true. We must apply the art of making further distinctions. Here no less a personage than President Taft himself gives us valuable assistance. His message, vetoing the proposed Arizona Constitution, was considered of such fundamental importance as to justify an innovation. It was printed in pamphlet form, and under the special franking privilege of the White House, was mailed broadcast to lawyers throughout the country—we assume to all lawyers whose addresses were obtainable. We do not recall that the presidential influence has ever been used in this manner before. This message, referring to the power of the Supreme Court to nullify acts of Congress, says: "This power conferred on the Judiciary in our form of government is **UNIQUE** in the history of governments, and its operation has attracted and deserved the admiration and commendation of the world. It gives to our Judiciary a position higher, stronger and more responsible than that of the Judiciary of any other country." Taft is right. The United States stands unique in the world and forms a class by itself among the free ballot states. It is free ballot in name only, but is in fact a judicial despotism, as the American working class knows too well from bitter experience. But the European comrades know nothing of this kind of a state, and therefore, their doctrine as to the use or non-use of violence does not fit here. Remember now that this power of the Court is not expressly granted by the Constitution, is generally admitted to be a usurped power, has never lacked vigorous challengers, and is justified by its defenders and by the Court itself on the grounds

of alleged necessity and failure of the Constitutional Convention to reach any agreement on the subject.

If, therefore, violence is justified in a state where there is no ballot and also in a state where the result of the ballot is resisted by the defeated party, what shall be done in a state where the result of the ballot is systematically defeated by five out of nine Supreme Court judges? These judges are appointed for life, are accountable to no one and are practically beyond impeachment; they shield themselves behind a Constitution which is substantially unamendable except by civil war or by these same judges themselves. Wherein are five judicial despots under a fossilized constitution any better than a single autocratic Czar?

In his first inaugural address in 1861 President Lincoln, referring to the Dred Scott case, said: "The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

The contempt of the working class by the Courts has evoked a growing contempt of the Courts by the working class. The Socialist Party has done good work in bringing this about and has no more important duty than to disillusionize the working class as to the alleged impartiality of the Courts in matters relating to class interests. Pure and simple Jeffersonian democracy is as impotent as pure and simple trades unionism. Socialism can come by the ballot only if the ethics and organization of the working class are strong enough to shame the Courts out of countenance. If we pledge ourselves in advance to acquiesce passively in every indignity that is heaped upon us, rest assured that the Courts will not hesitate to nullify all victories at the polls, no matter how overwhelming they appear to be. Nothing will stop them short of the conviction of impending social disaster, made palpably real by the

organized solidarity of the working class, with moral views independent and beyond the reach of capitalist influence.

The misuse of the President's office and authority in an attempt to prejudice and stampede, as it were, the legal profession of the whole nation by such sophistry as is contained in this message in support of a usurped judicial power, cannot be too severely condemned. But it shows how vital the point is recognized to be. It is indeed the final citadel of capitalism in the United States. We have recently seen the power of the British Lords broken by a seriously meant threat to double their number; this expedient, though legal in form, is in reality a sort of violence. But this quasi legal expedient cannot be used in the United States for the simple reason that a law doubling the number of the Supreme Court judges could be declared unconstitutional by the Court itself.

When the Republican party was fighting slavery, its motto was, "Anything for human rights is constitutional" (Charles Sumner). Human rights at that time meant wage labor instead of slave labor, and the motto has now come to mean, to the Republican party, **anything for capital is constitutional**. But the working class may also accept this same motto in a truer meaning. As the only representative of all humanity, it may justly say, **Anything for the working class is constitutional**.

"Our claim that the end sanctifies the means can have absolute validity only in regard to some absolute end. But all concrete ends are relative and finite. The one and sole absolute end is human welfare, and it is an end which sanctifies all rules and actions, all means, so long as they are subservient to it, but which rejects them as soon as they go their own way without serving it. Human weal is literally and historically the origin of the holy" (Dietzgen, *Nature of Human Brain Work*, p. 158).

To sum up: Legally, violence is never justified; tactically it is justified or not, according to circumstances; morally it is always justified on the part of an exploited class. What Socialist does not justify the English suffragettes in using

violence to get the ballot? How often are Socialists in American cities today compelled to use force to maintain their right of free speech, while the indignities heaped upon them are dished up in the capitalist press as a pleasant joke? Witness Spokane and many other places. Who, knowing all the facts, does not morally justify the Paris Commune and also the Chicago Anarchists of 1886? But they suffered the penalty of a tactical mistake in giving up politics and taking to the barricades after being repeatedly cheated out of elections.

To justify violence is not to advocate it. The fact that justifiers of violence do not habitually put their views into practice is no reproach; Socialist employers do not pay their employees the full product of their labor, neither do they refuse to accept rent and interest. A system of ethics or economics cannot be practiced by a single individual alone.

As to what is tactically wise or unwise, opinions will always differ; but as to what is morally justified there should be no disagreement, and a comrade should not be reproached morally for what is only a difference in judgment as to tactics. The Socialist ethic has nothing to conceal and nothing which cannot be discussed. It is the capitalist ethic which will not stand the light of investigation. Nothing will stop a capitalist so quick as to ask him to sit down and go over de-

liberately the field of capitalist morality. He will plead that he has no time and is not interested in academic questions. He knows that murder is murder and that is the end of his Latin.

Let us then not be terrorized by capitalist moralists into a denunciation of every act of violence as morally unjustified, however unwise it may have been. Capitalistic labor leaders may vie with each other in expressing their moral indignation at such acts; but the rank and file will keep still and take such talk with a grain of salt. The still, small voice within whispers that murder is not always murder; it is sometimes war; but most generally it is profit for the capitalist class, and it will not wholly disappear until profit itself disappears.

This month we celebrate Lincoln's birthday. Extracts from his speeches will be repeated with applause in thousands of gatherings. Yet what Socialist ever did or ever could exceed the terrible threat contained in his second inaugural address in 1865. "If it be God's will that this war continue until the wealth piled up by bondsmen by two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash [we say drawn for profit] shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

We state—that up to the present time all ethical theory is in the last instance a testimony to the existence of certain economic conditions prevailing in any community at any particular time. In proportion as society developed class antagonisms, morality became a class morality.—Frederick Engels in "Landmarks of Scientific Socialism."



A. B. DUNBAR ADDRESSING STRIKERS.

THE PICK HANDLE BRIGADE

Fun and Fight on the Golden Rand

BY ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD

Editor, "Voice of Labor". Johannesburg, S. Africa

IN THE REVIEW of August last I described the famous victory of the I. W. W. in the Johannesburg street car strike, also the reprisals which followed. The chief features of the latter I will briefly recapitulate.

In the first strike of six hours' duration the Capitalist Municipal Street Car Owners, on bended knees, pledged their collective word that an obnoxious official would, without the slightest inquiry, be removed from the service. So beaten were the bosses they would have promised the sun, moon, and all the heavenly constellations. As soon as the men resumed work, however, they planned reprisals and, by going back on their word, forced on a second strike.

Before this second strike was dreamed of by the men, arrangements had been made

for the concentration of all available police on the scene of impending strife, armed with guns and ammunition. Comrade Mary FitzGerald, assisted by other women, led huge crowds in the teeth of the police guns. Afraid to use these upon women, the police were disarmed and supplied with pickhandles. At the same time an old proclamation used by Kruger against the British—a *casus belli* between Briton and Boer — was now resuscitated and used by the capitalist city council against the workers. Six or more men standing together constituted a crime, and such groups were charged by mounted police with pickhandles. Stones not being available, the workers pelted the police with apples taken from stalls in the adjacent fruit market.

Barricades were erected and the town

closely resembled an armed camp. Strikers tore down the barricades and members of the Carpenters trade union reconstructed them. A thousand unarmed citizens put the fear of hell into the four or five thousand armed policemen. It was a free speech fight and a strike in one. A speaker mounted a soap box! Charge! and an army of police arrested him. It was a long process, and when twenty had been arrested, speakers were still clambering on to the soap box. The police were kept filled with whisky, and, half mad with drink, made murderous attacks upon the crowd.

Public sentiment was with the strikers, and in order to turn it against them the municipal council and the police instigated outrages. Dynamite was laid on street car lines by their agents and spies, and the capitalist press accused the strikers of trying to blow up innocent men, women and children. Outnumbered by armed police, misrepresented by a lying press, denied the right of free speech, and victims of capitalist conspiracy, is it a wonder the I. W. W. gave its natural enemy the credit of the second round? In the struggles, several pickhandles were captured from the police, and were found to bear the stamp of the municipality—town engineer's department. Hence the following interesting sequel:

Every three years an entirely new council of thirty members is elected by the citizens of Johannesburg. An election at the end of October last was impending and candidates were preparing to make their bow to the electors. This suggested to the I. W. W. an excellent opportunity for retaliation. Among the candidates were several members of the old street car committee whom the I. W. W. held responsible for the employment of pick handles in the late strike, and it was decided to give them a measure of their own justice.

Mary FitzGerald was chosen as the natural leader and A. B. Dunbar, general secretary of the I. W. W. (South Africa section) her chief lieutenant. They decided to attend and break up meetings of those candidates, and Mr. Norman Anstey, proprietor of the largest drapery store in town and chairman of the street car committee, was chosen as first victim.

Mr. Anstey's first meeting was held at the Gayety theater. The audience filled all sitting and standing accommodation. The chairman rose to speak and was howled

down. Mr. Anstey rose to speak, and at the same instant Mrs. FitzGerald rose from one of the boxes and stepped upon the platform. Facing the dumfounded candidate, with pale and determined mien, and a pickhandle in her outstretched hand, she said: "On behalf of the wives and children of the street car men whom you pickhandled in the late strike I present you with this (handing him a pickhandle). On one side are engraved the names of your chief victims—our fellow workers, Glynn and Glendon. The other side is left vacant for names of your future victims should the workers be fool enough to return you."



COMRADE MARY FITZGERALD.

The speaker and his platform supporters were petrified. Mrs. Fitzgerald stepped down from the platform, the vast audience shouting and cheering continuously for five minutes.

The chairman ultimately recovered from his surprise and commenced to appeal for a hearing. "Fair play!" he hoarsely cried.

"Yes, the fair play you gave the street car strikers," was the retort of the audience, among whom the fun grew fast and furious.



A. B. DUNBAR.

"British fair play!" bawled a cute platform supporter, who thought he knew the weak spot in a crowd.

"You gave us Russian methods!" was the immediate response.

Then a great collective voice started singing, "We'll hang Norman Anstey on a sour apple tree," and Norman Anstey thought they meant it, and with his supporters fled out of the back door. The meeting, which opened at 8 p. m., concluded at 8:30 p. m.

The fugitives automobilized to a meeting at Troyeville, a distant suburb and separate electorate. Anstey was endeavoring to get his carefully prepared speech into the morning papers. "The Pickhandle Brigade," as they were now called, followed in street cars. On their arrival inside the hall the gang on the platform started to shiver. The aristocratic audience looked indignant.

"Who paid for the pickhandles used in the strike?" demanded Dunbar.

"Do give us a fair hearing and we will answer questions afterwards," was the reply.

"What hearing did you give the strikers?" bawled the brigade.

The second meeting broke up at 9 p. m.

The capitalist press next day was furious. "Hooligans! Slum dwellers! Scoundrels!" were epithets hurled at the brigade. "How dare these ruffians deny the right of free speech to these self-sacrificing candidates who want to serve the workingman on the city council? The idea! Such conduct could not occur again. The police were there to protect the public and interrupters would surely land in jail!"

The exploits of the "Pick Handle Brigade" were the talk of the town next day, and in the evening their numbers were augmented, reaching almost the dimensions of a little army. Three meetings were broken up that night and all home before 10 p. m.

The persecuted candidates were running on a ticket put forward by the Property Owners' Association. After the second night no further meetings were held and a week was spent in despairing confabulation. The tactical move decided upon was to hold a meeting on mining property. The employes of the mine would attend and their bosses would set them against the pick-handle brigade should the latter make an appearance! The press made the sinister

suggestion that the miners would not stand for any nonsense and went so far as to challenge the pickhandle brigade to show up.

The p. h. b. accepted the challenge. The street cars got to the meeting behind time and at 8:15 the brigade arrived. Norman Anstey was making his opening remarks. Dunbar started the ball rolling by calling Anstey a scab and asking him who broke the street car strike. The plutes were at the meeting in force and threatened to put the pickhandlers out but were wise enough not to try. The meeting broke up ten minutes after the arrival of the brigade, and to while away the time till the next street car arrived, Dunbar and others delivered speeches on industrial unionism.

Next night the Property Owners' Association decided upon a great mass meeting at which their whole ticket was to appear, at a large skating rink in the city. A corps of special policemen were hired and distributed about the vast arena. The brigade turned up in force and a futile attempt was made to turn them out. The candidates swore they would wait till morning to get a hearing. The p. h. b. led the crowd in the singing of popular songs. Again someone tried the magic touch so successful in past ages; "God Save Our Gracious King," he started singing. "To hell with the king!" shouted the brigade, and the ceiling trembled as they followed with the "Red Flag."

Constant appeals were made made on these occasions to Dunbar and Mrs. Fitzgerald to quiet the crowd, but these two rebels showed not the slightest mercy. At this mass meeting in the rink a Colonel Furze appealed to Mrs. Fitzgerald thusly: "I'm Irish, too. Won't you give me a hearing, anyhow?"

"An absentee landlord, I suppose," was Mrs. Fitzgerald's biting reply. "You would be shot on sight were you to return to Ireland."

As the Colonel was a good-natured soul, it was decided to give him a hearing, with Mrs. Fitzgerald in the chair. He, Irishlike (?), had scarcely opened his mouth when *he put his foot in it* by saying, "For the good of the country we should always have an army of unemployed," Mrs. Fitzgerald, also Irishlike (?), lost her temper at this, sprang out of the chair and pushed the Colonel off the platform into the seeth-

ing mass of humanity below. Dunbar and other I. W. W.'ites then took the platform, the former making one of his best speeches, after which the meeting broke up with three cheers for industrial unionism and the pick handle brigade.

Meetings were again suspended until about three nights before the polling day. This time admission was by ticket, the committee reserving the right to exclude anyone they might desire to. The brigade turned up in force, to find twenty policemen parading outside the hall. The unknown members were allowed access to the hall, but when it came to Mrs. Fitzgerald, Dunbar, Glynn and other well known faces, the stout policeman barred the way. Mrs. Fitzgerald was the first objected to. "You don't go in," said the policeman. But the pickhandle brigade was behind and pushed her and the policeman inside the hall, the members of the p. h. b. who had already secured admission rendering useful aid. An attempt was made to arrest Dunbar on a charge of assault but the crowd objected and the aggrieved one thought it wise not to press a charge, and so the fun proceeded unrestrained. The platform was taken as usual by the brigade and speeches delivered on "Industrial Unionism" and "Why We Break Up Election Meetings."

On this same evening a meeting was proceeding at the other end of the city. Thinking himself well outside the danger zone the speaker—a mine owner called Black, who played a dirty part in the miners' strike of 1907—was slinging abuse at the heads of the pickhandlers: "If they ever hit up against me I will teach them a well deserved lesson," he was just saying, when lo! the p. h. b. arrived.

Dunbar stepped forward: "We have to offer you our heartfelt apology for the lateness of our arrival," he commenced. "We had to break up a meeting before we came. Besides this one, we have one or two more to smash before we go home."

Black looked blue, then recovering somewhat tried to continue his talk. Said he: "I have always been a friend of the workers, I help—"

"To break their strikes," interjected Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"What did you say, madam?" he asked. "You're a scab," was the immediate reply.

"A scab?" he stammered.

"Yes, you broke the miner's strike and blacklisted the leaders."

"Madam," he replied, "if you were a man I would fight you. If any man called me a scab I would make him eat his words." With this statement he took several steps down the hall in dramatic style.

Glynn at once rose and said, "Black, you're a scab."

Black retreated and turning again to Mrs. FitzGerald said: "I would give you the retort courteous, only you would not understand."

The crowd demanded a withdrawal of the statement, and at their threatening attitude Black got behind half a dozen policemen.

"You're a coward and cad as well as a scab," said Mrs. FitzGerald, and as she said it she stepped up to him and hit him smartly across the face with her open hand.

He called a policeman, but policemen were no protection to him and, turning, he fled out of the back door. Next day the daily paper posters in large block letters announced: "*Mrs. FitzGerald Strikes C. S. Black. More Hooliganism. Where Will It End?*"

C. S. Black? Oh, my! The rich magnate? Dear me! What next?

Three meetings broken up in half an hour on the eve of the election concluded the work of the pick handle brigade.

The capitalist press all through treated the leaders of the p. h. b. to all sorts of abuse. No depths were too low for the pens of their vile hirelings. By cunning innuendo their personal characters were assailed. A big vote for the Property Owners' Association candidates was the prognostication.

The Socialist party had no candidates running, but lo! out of thirty seats the Labor party captured eleven. It was a crushing defeat for the property mongers. Most of the members of the old tramway committee lost their seats, a few sneaking in at the bottom of the successful list. That the capitalist press was really concerned was quite obvious by the large number of leading articles attacking Mrs. FitzGerald and the p. h. b. The photo of Mrs. FitzGerald which appears with this article was taken specially for the *Sunday Post*, and the cartoon appeared in the largest daily in South

Africa, the *Johannesburg Star*. Of the three figures in the cartoon, only one was elected. The wife of another—Mrs. Goodman—wrote to Mrs. FitzGerald, appealing to her as a woman to let her husband speak, "just for five minutes."

"What time had you for the appeals of the wives and children of the street car employees?" she asked Dr. Goodman, when she had finished reading the letter before a large audience.

A writer in the *Sunday Post* raises the following poetic spiel:

THE VILLAGE AMAZON.

Under the platform of Ward 3,
Brave Joan of Arc she stands;
This Joan a dauntless soul is she,
Who leads the tramway hands,
And with a modest pickhandle
She backs up her demands.

She bears a list of questions long,
Which she can barely scan,
But 'midst the mighty tumult, puts
As many as she can;
And she looks the chairman in the face,
And asks if he's a man?

Week in, week out, night after night,
You can hear her storm and blow.
You can see her swing her pickhandle
With measured beat and slow,
Like some miner toiling on the reef
Of Norman Anstey's woe.

And the children passing by the hall,
Look in at the open door;
They love to watch her pickhandle
And to hear her rage and roar,
And mark the language that doth raise
The dust upon the floor.

She goes to the Tin Temple,* too,
And sits among the "boys";
She hears the Bishop scream and screech,
She hears Jack Mulvey's voice
Calling to break the quorum up,
And it makes her heart rejoice.

Each evening they can hear her voice
Singing the "Marseillaise,"
And watch the wily Williamson
Tremble before her gaze,

*"Tin temple" is our wood and iron municipal chambers; the Bishop, an ex-parson member of the city council, and Jack Mulvey, a local member.

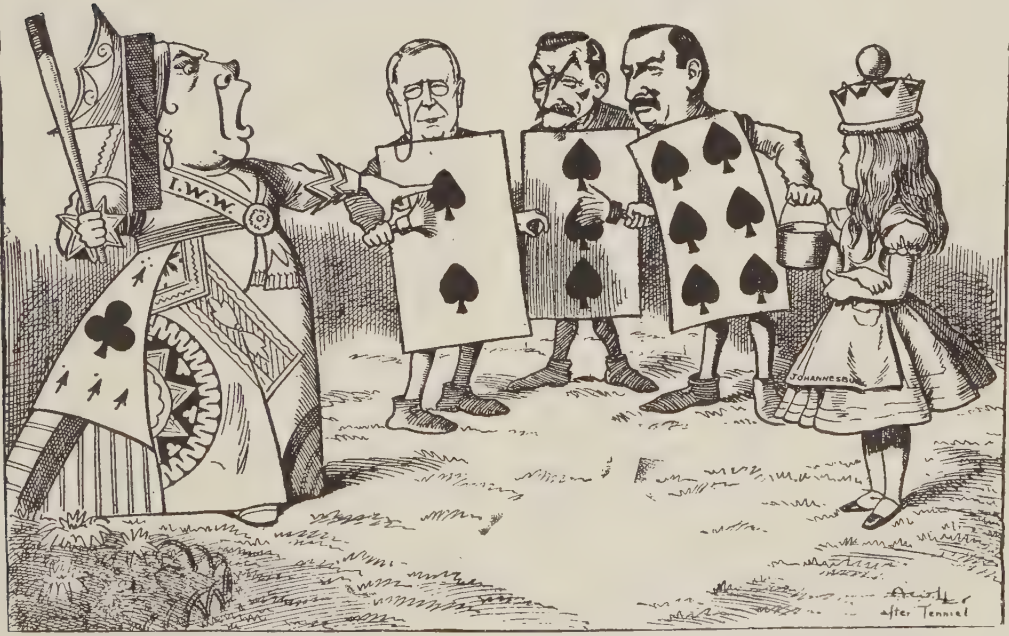
Fearing that pickhandle may get
Him right across the face.

Hooting, howling and heckling,
Onward through life she goes;
Eight-thirty sees a meeting start,
Eight-forty-five it close;
Someone outshouted, someone stunned,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught.
Thus must the true democracy
Be to the forefront brought;
And thus with the pickhandle,
Its battles must be fought.

Thus the I. W. W. revenged to some extent the street car strike. Mrs. Fitzgerald and Dunbar could always count on 400 active members of the p. h. b. who would follow them anywhere, and besides these the bulk of the people present at meetings were sympathizers. All of which indicates that a good-humored but none the less determined working class is awakening to a consciousness of its power and the day draws nigh when with one great final effort the giant Labor shall stand upright and over will topple the Capitalist Parasite and all his evil institutions. There was fun in the adventures of the pickhandle brigade, but the capitalist class in the golden city of South Africa saw no humor in it.

QUEEN ALICE v. THE QUEEN OF CLUBS.



FROM THE JOHANNESBURG STAR

The Queen of Clubs..... Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Queen Alice The Johannesburg Public.

"And who are these?" said the Queen of Clubs, pointing to the three gardeners.

"May it please Your Majesty," said one of them in a very humble tone, "we were trying——"

"I see," said the Queen, interrupting. "Off with their heads!"

The unfortunate gardeners ran to Queen Alice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded," said Alice, and she put them into a large ballot-box that stood near.
(*"Alice in Wonderland,"* Chap. 8, revised version.)

(Despite the prognostication of the "Star" cartoonist two of the three candidates pictured above did **have** their heads cut off. Note the resemblance (?) between the "Queen of Clubs" and the "Lady with the Pickhandle.")

Socialist Respect for Capitalist Law

BY

ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The letter printed below was originally sent to The New York Call, but was returned to the writer with the statement of the editor that ample notice had already been given of the closing of the discussion in the columns of the *Call* as to the Socialist attitude toward capitalist Law and Order. The REVIEW considers it worth while to print the letter, nevertheless, not only because it is unusually thought-provoking, but because the REVIEW believes this discussion thoroughly healthful and worthy of continuance until the party membership itself declares it has had enough. Comrade LaMonte's communication is interesting because it contains a fair-minded criticism of William D. Haywood's recent New York speech, which seems to have frightened the Socialist even more than it did the capitalist press.

I LISTENED to Comrade Haywood's speech with very great pleasure, and I have no hesitation in saying that both in matter and manner of delivery it was one of the most impressive Socialist speeches it has ever been my privilege to hear. Certainly I have heard nothing to compare with it in compelling power in America since Comrade Herron left our shores.

Not only was it impressive, but it showed a wonderfully clear and firm grasp of the vital fact that the social organization of the future is not to be a glorified political State, but purely and simply an Industrial Democracy. Here Comrade Haywood was in full accord with Marx and Engels. Indeed, he showed himself a better Marxist than most of his critics. For while his critics would, almost to a man, admit that with the triumph of the proletariat, the State will die out, nevertheless, they continue in all their books, pamphlets and speeches to reason as though the social organization of Tomorrow was to be simply an adopted form of the state of Today. Indeed, they often go so far as to talk of the State of Today "growing into" the Co-operative Commonwealth. This Utopian notion lurks beneath all the utterances of our self-styled "Construction Socialists."

Haywood probably never read Lewis Morgan's "Ancient Society," but he is one of the few prominent American Socialists who have so absolutely and thor-

oughly assimilated the root idea of that great work—the class character of the modern political state—that it has become part and parcel of all his thinking on the social question. Haywood learned this lesson thoroughly in the cruel class war in Idaho and Colorado, and because it has been driven into the very fiber of his being, he is a far surer exponent of this phase of Marxism than are most of his more erudite and polished comrades. Never shall you hear Bill Haywood prattle about reforming the present State into the Socialist Republic. He has felt the fangs of the political state and knows its essential nature too well to dream of transforming it into the Co-operative Commonwealth.

This was the first and possibly the greatest merit of this wonderful speech. But almost as notable was the way in which Haywood drove home the truths expressed by Karl Kautsky in today's *Call* in the following sentences: "The main weapon of the proletariat is its large numbers. Only through its great masses the proletariat can be victorious; only through the development of its masses can the proletariat maintain its grip on its victory. This presupposes the long existence of unified activity and organization."

The imperative necessity for unified organization on the industrial and political fields was driven home by Haywood with irresistible power.

These were the two great merits of

Haywood's speech, and they were so great that they far outweigh the few minor defects. For the speech had its defects, its weak points.

One of these was the much-quoted "I am not a law-abiding citizen. No Socialist can be a law-abiding citizen." As a matter of fact, most Socialists are law-abiding citizens. We are because we have to be. The other fellows have the law-enforcing power. We know it. We know it is futile for the **individual** to defy the law.

Had Haywood said, "We are not **law-respecting** citizens," his position would have been impregnable, for it is true, as that most respectable of philosophers, John Stuart Mill wrote long ago: "the classes which the present system of society makes subordinate have little reason to put faith in any of the maxims which the same system of society may have established as principles."

The Socialist whose socialism is more than skin deep always whistles at the law, though he also does his best to keep out of its cruel clutches.

The passage dealing with the McNamara case was both one of the strongest and weakest in the speech. The bravery with which he made the cause of the McNamaras, as victims of the class struggle, whether guilty or innocent, his own cause was magnificent and in striking and refreshing contrast to the cowardly sycophancy of those trade unionists and Socialists who, in their eagerness to keep the skirts of the labor and Socialist movements "clean," have joined in the bourgeois cry for blood and vengeance.

But when Haywood said that the McNamaras "understood the class struggle," he made a most misleading statement. They understood the desperate plight of the Structural Iron Workers, and they knew, none better, the ruthlessness of the Steel Trust, but, in the words of Debs, they understood "little or nothing of the philosophy of the class struggle and of the enlightened methods of working class warfare." Had they understood (in a Socialist sense) the Class Struggle they would not now be in jail. James B. McNamara is now in San Quentin for life, simply because he logically and courageously carried to their ultimate con-

clusions the policies of pure and simple craft unionism. The American Federation of Labor official or apologist is the last man who should desert the McNamaras in their dark hour. By so doing he places himself below contempt.

For myself I never believed the McNamaras innocent, as their crime seemed to me the absolutely natural and logical outcome of their opposition to Socialism and their adherence to the antiquated form of craft-union organization and tactics. With no hope through class political action, and handicapped by the impotence and hopelessness of craft unionism, with its long-drawn-out, pledged-to-defeat single-craft strikes, what was there left for them but abject surrender or dynamite? Thus the presumption of their guilt was so strong that strong evidence would have been necessary to make me believe them innocent. But though they were guilty, kidnaping them was a crime, and a class crime, well illustrating the class character of our Courts.

And guilty, as they were and are, they are victims of the class struggle, and in jail they are victims of the capitalist system of criminal jurisprudence, so utterly at variance both with science and humanity. But the chief responsibility for their crime rests (1st) upon the heads of the Steel Trust, who, by their campaign to crush out trade unionism, drove the McNamaras to desperation; and (2nd) upon the labor leaders of the Gompers type who, by their opposition to Socialism and Industrial Unionism, left to the McNamaras only the choice between supine surrender and dynamite.

The reader will find this point more fully elaborated in "The McNamara Case and the Labor Movement," by Eugene V. Debs, in the January issue of the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, which, oddly, enough still survives though all our Popes have placed it on the Index. Curiously enough (pardon the bouquet thrown at myself), this article of Debs reads almost like a stenographic report of the speech I made in Wellston, Ohio, on December 2, the day after the confession.

Another, and to my mind, the worst, weakness in Haywood's speech was the apparent approval with which he referred to the blowing up of the Bunker Hill

mill. I know nothing of the facts of that particular case, but I do know the object of organization on class lines in the Socialist party and in Industrial Unions is to make the working class so strong that it can win without resort to such dangerous violence. No man stands so far removed from the Anarchist as the convinced Socialist and Industrial Unionist, and hence the man who believes in class organization in both politics and industry is the last man who ought to risk appearing to praise the suicidal tactics of the Anarchist. This was to my mind the one fatal weakness in a great speech.

But the speech was great enough not to be spoiled by these few defects. It should go down in history as one of the best and most fearless Socialist speeches ever made in Cooper Union.

Not the least of its merits was the courage with which the speaker defended sabotage. Sabotage has this great advantage over striking: you can stay on the job and continue to draw pay while you commit sabotage. Used too freely, like whisky, it may prove dangerous, but used with brains, sabotage is an excellent weapon in the class war. In fact, to elect a Socialist to political office is simply to commit sabotage on the repressive machinery of the ruling class.

I note that some committee in Local New York has passed a resolution condemning Haywood for using the Socialist platform to advocate direct action, and to attack officials of the Socialist party. May I beg to inquire, "Where are we going to get off at?" I do not think Debs ever makes a speech, and I know I never do without advocating direct action. Are we to be driven from the Socialist platform? Drive away; I have found the job laborious and not enriching to say the least.

Why shouldn't Haywood criticise a party official? Upon what food have these, our Caesars, fed, that they have grown so great? For my part I think the greatest need of the American Labor Movement on both the political and economic fields is to get rid of the majority of its present leaders. This applies to the Socialist party just as much as to the American Federation of Labor. Remove our leaders and watch us grow!

I defy any one to produce a working

class audience in America that will not applaud that sentiment. The Socialist speaker who does not criticise our party officials (by implication, if not directly) thereby proves his own incompetence, either mental or moral, for his job.

I have now finished my brief introduction and am ready to begin my long letter.

Was there ever anything more characteristic of the immaturity of the American movement than the attempt to drag Comrade Kautsky into this tempest in a teapot? We will not trust our own brains. A question arises on which we are divided. Instead of using our own brains to reason about it and see what is right, we are so used to getting our opinions ready made, like our clothes, that we at once appeal to some intellectual, some infallible Pope, to tell us what to think about it. Here is one thing you can set down to Bill Haywood's eternal credit. He is a working class man through and through, and whether his opinions are right or wrong, they are Bill Haywood's opinions, formed with his own brains. He does not ask any Party Pope what he shall think. And one man who does his own thinking, even though he sometimes thinks wrong, is worth more to the Socialist movement than a hundred men who always think right because they let some Party Pope do all their thinking for them.

But we have consulted Pope Kautsky; he has decided that Hillquit is right, provided that Bohn and Haywood meant, when they said the worker who understood economic determinism would not hesitate to violate the law, that he would straightway become a pickpocket or a highway robber.

It appears then that Berlin and New Canaan are agreed, for in the letter I sent the *Call* (not the letter the *Call* printed) there was a statement that the sentence of Bohn and Haywood was unfortunately ambiguous for a propaganda pamphlet, but that it should be fairly obvious that the authors did not intend to urge upon their readers the cultivation of the habits of petty larceny and brigandage. It will thus be seen that my defense of Bohn and Haywood was based

on their not meaning precisely what Kautsky condemns them for meaning.

This most important paragraph in my letter was printed in the *Chicago Daily Socialist* some days before my letter appeared in the *Call*. Whether its suppression in the *Call* was an accident or was due to editorial cowardice I am unable to say.

I think it safe to say that had Comrade Kautsky understood that unfortunately ambiguous sentence as I interpreted it, and as I feel sure its authors intended it, his decision would have been very different.

But, while I admire Kautsky as the greatest living Marxian scholar, I do not recognize him as my Pope, and I take issue with him on many points in his Papal Bull.

His argument throughout assumes, as Hillquit expressly stated, that in a democratic country like ours the laws provide a regular and lawful method for the overthrow of capitalism. Now, this is not true. It is impossible to take any long step in America toward Social Revolution without running up against the stonewall of the United States Constitution, and that document is for all practical purposes unamendable save by extra legal methods or Revolution.

Kautsky, like all German Socialists, has a touching and child-like faith in the efficacy of democratic political forms. This is natural enough. The German has never had a democratic government. To them it is an ideal. We have had it. Our illusions are rudely shattered. It is difficult to name a country in Europe (save Russia and Spain) where it is as difficult as it is in America to get the popular will carried out through legislation.

In the tyrannies of Europe the people need no urging to spit upon the law. They know that the law is made by the enemies of the people. Here in America, where theoretically the law is the will of the people, we are cursed by a superstitious and paralyzing reverence for law.

And one of the chief objects of Socialist propaganda is to teach the workers that our states are Class States; that our courts are Class Courts, and that our laws are Class Laws.

Every class-conscious American worker whistles at the law, but he obeys it. He knows that force is back of it. And while he obeys the law, he keeps on steadily organizing the power that will enable him to ignore or overthrow the law. But he means to overthrow the present system of property by the mass action of his class, and hence he fully agrees with Kautsky that "everywhere and under all circumstances individual action against property is to be objected to." He goes further than that, for he recognizes that working-class violence in strikes is a boomerang that hurts the workers more than it does their enemies. He looks on violence as a confession of weakness, and his whole energy is given to perfecting the organization of the workers, so that there may be no temptation to such suicidal violence.

Respect for law, respect for the "sacred rights of private property" are the stone walls against which every Socialist agitation in America is continually ramming his long-suffering head. This wall we must batter down, even though Hillquit and Spargo and Feigenbaum, assisted by the convenient cowardice of party editors, are doing their utmost to buttress it up. It will be so much the worse for them if their heads are pushing against the other side of the wall when we topple it over.

There is one paragraph in Comrade Kautsky's letter that demands fuller consideration. He writes:

"We must not forget that private property rests not alone upon laws that were created by the ruling classes, but also upon an ethical sentiment, which is a product of thousands and thousands of years of development in society, and which is alive in the toiling proletariat, as well as in the peasantry and in the middle class, and not alone in the capitalist class."

This ethical sentiment to which Kautsky refers is simply the natural feeling that a man is entitled to have or own what his labor has created. It is the feeling that makes a peasant feel that where he has sown he has a right to reap also; the feeling that makes a cabinet maker feel that the table he has made is rightly his property.

What a monstrous perversion it is to make this sentiment, which is the very foundation of our Socialist demand that the worker shall have the full product of his toil, the source and justification of respect for the rights of property which has been created, not by the labor of its possessor, but by the labor of others! Marx told us long ago that these two kinds of private property are "not only anti-ethical, but that the latter grows only on the tomb of the former."

The "ethical sentiment" to which Kautsky appeals has no valid application to the great bulk of private property in the world today, and it is our business as Socialists to knock down this borrowed prop for respect for the rights of capitalist private property.

If we are to fulfill our mission we must turn from the painfully respectable, not to say snobbish, reformist legality of Hillquit and Spargo to the robust, virile contempt for the so-called rights of bourgeois property of Marx and Engels in the Communist Manifesto:

"You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

"In one word you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so. That is just what we intend.

"The distinguishing feature of Communism is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property. But modern bourgeois private

property is the final and most complete expression of the system of producing and appropriating products, that is based on class antagonism, on the exploitation of the many by the few.

"In this sense the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: **Abolition of private property.**"

Of whom does that spirit of dauntless revolutionary audacity remind you? Of the meticulous Hillquit or the indiscreet Haywood?

In this sharp contrast you have in a nutshell the issue the comrades must decide when they choose their delegates to our coming National Convention in Oklahoma City.

Are we to prove worthy heirs of the revolutionary traditions of the Communist Manifesto?

Or shall we, in our eagerness to gain votes and offices, hide our ultimate revolutionary aims behind the smugly respectable screen of a law-respecting program of middle-class reforms?

Shall we openly and boldly proclaim our hatred and contempt for the bourgeois state and laws and our stern and inflexible purpose to abolish not only them, but their foundation, bourgeois private property?

Or shall we content ourselves with an absurd and futile, though entirely respectable attempt to metamorphose the bourgeois state into the Co-operative Commonwealth?

These are the questions that sooner or later our membership must face. They are the questions upon which the election of delegates to the National Convention should turn.

Whether you approve of Haywood or not, you must at least give him the credit of having done much to force these essential questions into the foreground.



EDITORIAL

Direct Action.—In its struggle against the capitalist class the working class, and its instrument the Socialist party, may adopt either or both of two methods. One of these methods is **Parliamentary Action**; which means to elect its representatives to congress, the state legislatures and municipal councils, and **indirectly**, through the action of these representatives, seek to take away the control of industry from the capitalist class. The other method is to unite the workers in **the shops where they work**, into a class-conscious revolutionary organization, and by the **direct action** of the workers so organized to exercise the greatest possible power over the industries in which they work. Both of these methods are generally advocated and practiced by the Socialist parties of Europe. A recent and notable instance of an endorsement of **direct action** by the British Socialist party is recorded on another page of this issue.

Primarily Economic.—The Declaration of Principles adopted by the Socialist party of America in 1908, and ratified by a referendum vote of the membership, contains this sentence: **The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement.** If it had been the desire of the party membership to exclude **direct action** from its tactics, it would have been easy to say that the party was primarily a political movement. But this the party did not say, for the good reason that such a declaration would have wiped out the distinction between the Socialist party and the capitalist parties.

Class Direct Action.—This is what the REVIEW has consistently advocated for years, and this is what the office seekers oppose, because they fear it might injure their chances for getting offices. In fighting us they have trickily sought to present the meaning of the phrase **direct action**, in such a way as to make it mean the **individual** action of the bomb-thrower. In Belgium, Austria and in Hungary, the working class was forced to resort to class direct action (a general strike) in their fight to secure uni-

versal suffrage. European Socialists are everywhere agreed that in many instances the general strike has proven a prompt and effective weapon in waging the class war. We regret that Comrade Debs, in his otherwise admirable article in this number of the REVIEW, has abandoned the phrase **direct action** to the meaning put upon it by our opponents. Dynamite is the logical weapon for the craft unionist, who is vainly seeking to oppose modern capitalism with an outgrown and dying form of organization which ties up little sections of the working class by contracts binding each section to support the capitalists in crushing other sections. We decline to join in the hue and cry against the McNamaras; we content ourselves with pointing out that if they had adopted the tactics of **class direct action** and at the same time of **political action**, such as we advocate, they would today be helping on the Social Revolution, whereas their tactics have merely strengthened the capitalists.

Socialism the Hope of the Working Class.—Elsewhere in this issue we publish a full stenographic report of William D. Haywood's great speech at Cooper Union, New York. It raised a storm of protest in the capitalist press, feebly echoed, we regret to say, by some of the would-be leaders within the Socialist party. Garbled extracts from this speech have been widely copied and they have called forth ridiculous hysterics on the part of that small section of the Socialist party which is chiefly concerned with being elected to office. We are now circulating 45,000 complete copies of this speech in this issue of the REVIEW, and we hope that enough newspapers will reprint it entire to give it a circulation of hundreds of thousands. It will keep some people out of the party. But those whom it will repel are those who would be a hindrance, not a help. To the real militant workers, to those who want to put an end to capitalism and who wonder whether the Socialist party members really mean what they say when they call

themselves revolutionists—to such men and women this speech will be a clarion call that will put new life into them. In saying this we do not mean that we agree with every word in the speech. To our mind the criticisms of Comrade LaMonte are in the main well taken. And as for the question of sabotage, that is a matter that can never be settled in conventions or in printed arguments; it can only be settled from day to day by the workers in the industries. When they have developed the intelligence to unite into one big union, they will be able to use this dangerous weapon when it is needed and only when it is needed, and nothing that the REVIEW may print or that conventions may resolve will matter much.

'Tis the Final Conflict.—This refrain of *L'Internationale* is ringing in the ears of the whole world today. The tremendous

onsweep of Socialism as evidenced by the voting in Germany is not confined to Germany alone; the causes which made Socialists there are world-wide causes, and they are bringing a like harvest wherever capitalists are fattening on the toil of workers. All over the world thrones are crumbling, and platforms no less than thrones. The modern industrial machine is pushing on, blindly, relentlessly. It is crushing out the life from the little capitalists and the privileged artisans on whom the tottering rulers depend for their support. It is leaving upright only the millionaires and the millions, only the owners of the great industries and the toilers in these industries. And the owners are filled with a great fear, while a great hope dawns on the eyes of the toilers. The Day of Revolution is almost here. Let us do our part to speed it on.

Diversity of opinions on theoretical points is never dangerous to the party. There are for us no bounds to criticism, and however great our respect may be for the founders and pioneers of our party, we recognize no infallibility and no other authority than science, whose sphere is ever widening and continually proves what it previously held as truths to be errors.—Wilhelm Liebknecht in "No Compromise."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Paul and Laura Lafargue.—Many who toil for Socialism were taken from the field of conflict at a time when their only reward lay in hope for the future. La Salle, Marx, even Engels, had little more than a theoretical basis for their faith in the ultimate victory of the working-class. It was, however, with a surer foundation for his faith that Paul Lafargue was able to address his final words to his comrades. He had seen Socialism a real and growing power throughout the civilized world. So when he wrote, "I die with the supreme joy that springs from the certainty that the cause to which I have devoted myself for forty-five years will triumph in the near future," he spoke as one who knew. And his words sent a thrill round the world.

Paul Lafargue was an old fighter. Twice he was banished from his native land. Time and again he was cast into prison. But with voice and pen and his wonderful organizing power he was always at the task of rousing the working-class to its destiny. It is as a brilliant writer, especially as a satirist, that he will probably be longest remembered. But in countless ways he has left his mark on the international Socialist movement.

Laura Marx Lafargue was the last remaining child of Karl Marx. With her father and mother she went through the painful but wonderfully productive period of exile in London. It was there that she met Lafargue, and there, when modern, scientific Socialism was still in the germ, they dedicated their lives to it. Together they labored with tremendous energy and boundless enthusiasm for their great cause.

So when their lives came to an end on November 25, the working-class of the whole world took note, not so much to mourn over their death as to rejoice at what had been accomplished during their lives, and to resolve that Paul Lafargue's last words shall soon be turned from prophesy into history.

England—Another Industrial War.—

The truce in the English class-struggle was of short duration. The workers on the tight little island have felt their power and there was never a class of toilers more ready to fight than they are. To be sure the great cotton strike was forced by the employers, but that was done only to gain a temporary advantage. The employers forced the fight now because they knew they would have to fight soon.

At the present writing the strike is taking on ever larger proportions. It began on December 27 with 160,000 cotton spinners involved, and at the present writing this number has increased to 250,000. The cable reports make much of the fact that this great strike, entailing hunger and penury for more than a million, was brought about on account of three persons. In a mill at Accrington were employed three non-union workers, a man and his wife and one young woman. The union asked for their dismissal. The man and his wife were willing to quit work, but the employer told them to stick it out, and they stuck. The strike call went forth, and the cotton spinning industry was brought to a stand-still.

Were ever three such heroes as that man and his wife and the young woman? They were much photographed, and full accounts of their lives and persons were sent wherever electric wires could carry them. We learned just how they live, what they eat, and how they managed to develop the heroic qualities necessary for their supreme stand against the tyranny of the unions.

Nevertheless it seems evident that they are heroes by suggestion. The fact that two of them would have quit had they not been over-persuaded by their employer goes to show that the latter wished to bring on the struggle just now in the midst of winter.

The issue is clearly drawn. The union insists on the closed shop; the employers insist on the open shop. The union is willing to go back to work for six months pending negotiations, but the employers

refuse to compromise in this way. They are forcing the fight.

There is talk of other strikes in England. It is quite possible that before this issue of the *REVIEW* is in the hands of its readers England will be in the grip of another labor war like that of last summer.

Italy—The Socialists and the War.—The International Socialist movement has reason to feel deeply gratified at the trend of events in Italy. The Italian Socialist Party has been so long split up into four or five constantly shifting divisions that an outsider could make out little but the unmistakable fact of disunion. Even the congress recently held at Modena seemed to offer little improvement in the direction of united effort. Since the congress, however, it has become clear that there is but one great division in the ranks of Italian Socialism. This division is now so wide that it may soon lead to secessions from the party. Such a result seems highly desirable from every point of view.

The question at issue is the attitude to be assumed toward the war in Tripoli. Early in December the Executive Committee of the party met to consider this question. It was unanimously decided to call upon the members of the party everywhere to continue an active agitation against the war in all its phases. The resolution embodying this decision was then submitted to the Socialist parliamentary group. Here Comrade Bissolati opposed it. His position and that of his supporters was outlined in a resolution saying that the Socialist movement has done all it could against the war and now held further opposition to be inopportune. The reason given for the introduction of such a resolution was that opposition to the war would weaken the position of Italy in any possible peace negotiations. Finally the resolution of the Executive Committee was adopted by the parliamentary group by a vote of 12 to 4. Then a combined session of committee and group called upon the Socialist representatives to go over to the opposition, that is, to set themselves against the policy of the government. Furthermore, it was decided to call upon party members not to take part in the collection of money

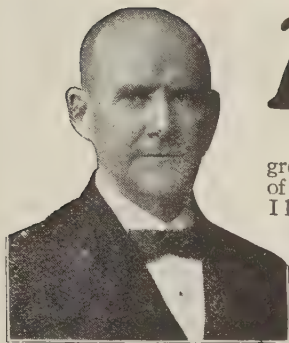
to be used in caring for soldiers or their dependents.

All of this means that Comrade Bissolati and his Reformist supporters find themselves in a hopeless minority. There is a hint as to their plans in an article recently published by Bissolati. It is entitled, "Excommunicated." The author explains that after the right of organization and free assemblage was granted to the Socialists it became necessary to adopt an entirely new system of tactics. "Now," he says, "the class-struggle which the Socialist Party had carried on against all other parties becomes a matter of bargains and treaties; for the co-operation of classes takes for granted that each party makes demands upon the others and strives to get as much for itself as possible." He then goes on to say that the Reformists have always remained true to this principle, while others, like Comrade Turati, have deserted it.

The issue, is, then, clearly drawn between Reformists and Revolutionists, and the Revolutionists are vastly in the majority.

Germany—The Election.—This department of the *REVIEW* goes to press just as the first reports of the German election are coming across the water. We expected a great victory, but our highest hopes have been realized. Sixty-seven of our comrades are elected on the first ballot and the Social Democrats are to take part in 109 reballotings. Their worst enemies acknowledge that their total representation in the new Reichstag will amount to more than ninety seats. In reality it is quite likely to pass the hundred mark.

The most significant thing about this landslide is the practical annihilation of the Liberal parties. Early reports give the National Liberals only one seat and the Progressives none at all. This means that out of all the parties of the German empire only three remain as actual political forces. These are: The Conservative, with 14 representatives elected on the first ballot; the Centrists with 34 elected, and the Socialists. The Conservatives control the agrarian population of central and eastern Prussia; the Centrists control the Roman Catholics of the



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west and south; the Socialists receive the support of the workers in the great industrial regions, chiefly in the central part of the empire. The modern bourgeois element in the population is left practically without direct representation.

The importance of the victory recorded on Jan. 12 can hardly be over-estimated. This campaign has been the hardest fought in recent German history. The government and the capitalist parties have been trying desperately to turn back the tide of working-class power, and the Socialists have been working over-time to make sure that all the labor of agitation and organization is really made to count at the ballot box.

The great issue is the matter of taxes and armaments. In 1907, it will be remembered, a Socialist "defeat" was reported from Germany. It turned out that vote of the party increased about 300,000, amounting in all to about 3,300,000. But the number of Socialist representatives in the Reichstag was practically cut in two. Altogether there were returned 43 Socialists. To this number 10 have been added at by reelections during the past five years. The total number of Socialists in the Reichstag at the close of the last session was, then, 53. The fact that the number of representatives was cut down in spite of the increase in the vote is due to the rotten borough system of Germany. The electoral districts were arranged in 1871 and have not been rearranged since. Most of the great industrial centers in which Socialism is strongest have been developed since that time. Berlin, which is solidly Socialist, has the ridiculously small representation of six deputies.

The election of 1907 resulted in the formation of the so-called "Hottentot" bloc, a combination of land-holding conservatives and Bourgeois Liberals. When the vital problems of taxation were up for solution this combination could not hold. The land-holding "Junkers" refused to consider the industrial needs of big business. A new combination of Conservatives and Clericals was patched up. Because of the tax which it placed on whisky this combination came to be called the "Schnapps" bloc.

When the Emperor received the news that the Socialists were defeated he made

a patriotic address to his dear subjects. He told them that he was sure they would continue in the way upon which they had just entered. From that time on all Germans would be united against all the world in support of their government and their Emperor.

It is to be hoped that his Majesty remembers this address. For the course of government during the past five years has been such as to produce anything but unity. The new government was pledged to levy no new taxes. But the first thing it did was to introduce and push through a tax law providing for tremendously increased burdens. These were made necessary by constantly increased expenditures for army and navy. During the five years the increase in cost of armaments has amounted to almost 100,000,000 marks a year. To raise the sums expended it was necessary to tax everything in sight. The conservatives refused to support an income tax law, so the money had to be raised by levying on beer, whisky, tobacco, groceries,—practically everything, in short, that a poor family uses. On this account the crisis due to the high cost of living is unusually acute in Germany.

In other ways the government has been the worst sort of a class government imaginable. The criminal law has been revised so as to make the work of organizing labor unions and carrying on strikes much more difficult than it was. The workingmen's insurance law was amended for the worse. Foreign affairs were so managed as to keep the nation in constant fear of foreign war.

Against all this our German comrades have carried on a constant agitation. To an American the propaganda carried on seems monotonously one-sided. The one effort of it all has been to show that the government is a ruthless class government. There has been nothing like the general presentation of Socialist principles to which we are accustomed in this country. Perhaps this is no longer necessary in the old Fatherland. At any rate the anti-class-government campaign has been a great success. For every by-election has shown Socialist gains. Every new one which has taken place has revealed to the capitalists that their high-

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handed procedure was hurrying them to certain defeat.

Under the circumstances there has been but one thing to do. That one thing they have done with a vengeance. The old war drum has been brought out and beat till it nearly burst. There are not wanting those who maintain that the whole struggle with France over Morocco was arranged to make German voters forget what they had suffered. From the first of July down to the present moment every paper in Germany, except those run by the Socialists, has been dinning into the ears of electors that the expansion of the Fatherland, the glory of God, and everything else good and great, can be obtained only by supporting the government in its policy of aggression against the other powers. This means, of course, the granting of ever increased military budgets and all that goes with violent militarism. The election was nicely timed so as to come just when Germans might be supposed to be fired with enthusiasm over the cession of new territory on the Congo.

But all the best laid plans have gone for naught. It is true, of course, that the Conservatives and Centrists will probably be able to make another combination and control the government for the next five years. But the Socialist party has gained about a million votes. It has now more than four millions in all. It is far and away the largest party in the Empire. The days of militarism and exploitations are coming to an end.

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The Labor Struggle

IF President Abraham Rosenberg, of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, doesn't watch out he is going to be excommunicated or have his ears cut off or something. In commenting on the what-the-hell-do-we-care verdict of the New York capitalist court which on December 27 last freed Harris and Blanck from all responsibility for the murder of 147 workers in the Triangle fire, Rosenberg is quoted in the *New York Call* of December 29 as follows:

"Personally, I advocate that workingmen and unions of these workingmen take this matter of safety in their own hands. The workers should refuse to work in any shop which is not safe. The union should look after each and every shop and wherever it finds that a shop is not safe it should call the workers out on strike immediately."

What Rosenberg advocates here is nothing more or less than *direct action*—that is, action taken by the workers themselves without waiting for a parliamentary representative to do it for them. And Rosenberg is a member of the Socialist party and is deliberately using a Socialist party organ to air his heretical views in! We wish to warn President Rosenberg to please, please be careful. For advocating just such procedure in certain cases this journal has got itself in very, very dutch with certain influential persons. Let him take heed.

There seems to be some little stir over the fact that Peter W. Collins, secretary of the Electrical Workers, is going a-ramping around and charging the Socialists with sheep-stealing and other immoralities. Let not your hearts be troubled, brethren. Pete is only one of these skates that occasionally bob up to disgrace the labor movement and nobody takes him seriously except his fellow officials of the Militia of Christ, and they none too much.

The McNamara confessions gave the capitalists a chance to get the bit in their teeth and they're now running wild. Let 'em run. The jerk will be all the harder when they reach the end of the rope. But

somebody should decorate with the Order of Prize Ass those army and navy men who gave out that Gompers-befouling-the-flag yarn. Class hatred blazed so clearly through that story that even the more solemn capitalist newspapers made haste to apologize editorially for it. Poor old Gompers fell for it, though, and seized the opportunity to get off something about his "patriotism." Tip for organized labor: Hereafter when accused of dynamiting, arise and sing, "My country, 'tis of thee!"

Machinists of the Portsmouth, Va., navy yard struck the first week in January because they suspected that the Taylor speed-up or scientific management system was being put in. That's no way to beat the game. Scientific management is coming to stay, sooner or later, and it is just as foolish to try to stop it as it is to try to block the introduction of improved machinery. Scientific management is simply a scheme to extract more surplus value out of the workers. The only way to beat it is to shorten the hours.

Rumors continue to spread concerning a possible strike of giant proportions in the coal fields when the agreements expire on the last day of March. Both the anthracite and bituminous miners are bent on having a wage increase. Meantime the operators are heaping up great piles of coal against the day of possible shortage. So the operators, with plenty of coal on hand, can afford to say to the men: "Now go ahead and strike. We're perfectly willing to match the mountains of coal, which you have so kindly heaped up for us in advance, against your half-filled bellies!" That's what "agreements" amount to. They invariably play into the bosses' hands. Wonder, too, if a strike does occur, whether the engineers will very considerably be left to keep the pumps going so that the mines won't be flooded. That has happened in the past. Could anything be more ridiculous than the spectacle of striking men protecting the property of the bosses?

One hundred foremen who stayed on the job during the strike of the section men on the Lackawanna Railroad last summer have been rewarded by the grateful company to the tune of \$20 each. Judas sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver. These men sold out their fellow slaves for twenty.

The Austrian State Railways, through the Minister of Railways, recently refused to recognize a committee of railroad workers which called to present a demand for redress of grievances. Oh, you government ownership!

It is very probable that the founders of the little town of Muscatine, Iowa, never once thought that it would go down in history as one of the great battlefields in the class struggle in America. The nine button manufacturers whose brutality to their employes has kept the entire town in a state of upheaval for many months have begun to exhibit symptoms of hydrophobia. They celebrated the new year by causing the arrest of Oliver C. Wilson, business agent of the striking button workers and a Socialist councilman, and of Emmet Flood, organizer for the A. F. of L., charging them with acid throwing and other horrible crimes. The working class of Muscatine will remember the lessons learned in this war. They are not likely to agree again to compromise "settlements" with employers, and next time they will elect a complete Socialist ticket so as to keep the police clubs off their heads.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement, which is financed by Wall street capitalists and offers dividends payable in the Sweet Bye and Bye, started in Minneapolis. Not to be outdone, Minneapolis labor men have gotten up a Union Labor Forward Movement and intend to hold some gospel meetings for the benefit of the unorganized in April. 'Tis a good idea. None of us are sure what we are going to get in the Hereafter, but we are pretty durned certain that more pay and shorter hours would taste mighty good Right Now.

Law is sacred only to the workers. Whenever they please, the capitalists make sport of it and on certain occasions they contemptuously shove it aside. Such is the case in Aberdeen, Wash., where "citizens of the highest standing" have beaten and driven members of the Industrial Workers of the World out of town. On

the night of November 24 about thirty men who had persisted in clinging to their constitutional right of free speech, were taken to the city limits and told to "beat it." "This is not the law," they were told. "This is the will of the citizens of Aberdeen." Aberdeen is a swamp inhabited by wage-slaves and dominated by the lumber trust. Some day the working class will learn the lessons in "respect for law and order" that their masters have taught them. Then somebody else will be "beating it."

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NEWS AND VIEWS



ALL REDS.
Brewer. Mrs. Foley. Debs.
Con Foley. Gurley Flynn.

Con Foley Indicted. The grand jury returned an indictment against Comrade Con Foley of Pottsville, Pa., charging him with inciting to riot. REVIEW readers will recall the story published in the July number about the strike at the Coombe Garment Company at Minersville. It will be remembered that Gurley Flynn, 'Gene Debs and Con Foley addressed the striking girls and women and that Comrade Foley stayed right on the job to show the girls how to win. Of course he told them to organize into One Big Union and to stand together. The employers found that the girls were eager to listen to the socialist speaker, who has been known in every corner of Pennsylvania for a good many years as the man who is always ready to help in any working class skirmish. When the girls in the Coombe employ effected a general tie-up in the factory, Coombe threatened to move his plant to Brooklyn. But he didn't, although he issued the following proclamation:

After a period of twelve years uninterrupted operation at our factory in Minersville and during which time the best of good feeling between the employees and the management prevailed, we now find ourselves confronted with a condition which necessitates our closing down indefinitely.

Why?

Because one person gloating with vanity has managed to terrorize a portion of our employees. He has used force and to attempt to continue work would be to endanger the lives of our employees and outside persons which we have no desire to do.

The management begs to notify the 200 or more faithful employees who were anxious and willing to work and who were prevented by intimidation and threats, to seek work elsewhere, as our factory will remain closed until Con Foley withdraws from the issue.

THE COOMBE GARMENT CO.,
Minersville, Pa.

But Con Foley refused to withdraw. He kept right on with his splendid work of organization and education among the girls

until a new spirit of solidarity awoke among them and they became imbued with a desire to have something to say about the conditions under which they worked and the pay they should receive for their labor power. A man may be known by the enemies he makes and Con Foley stands before the workers of Pennsylvania as a fearless advocate for revolutionary political action and industrial unionism. Workers cannot remain docile and hear the ringing words of Comrade Foley. For this reason the Coombe people are determined to "get him." Contributions for the Foley Defense Fund should be sent to Joe B. Schubline, 505 Hotel street, Pottsville, Pa. Don't lay this magazine aside till you have contributed something to the defense of this splendid proletarian fighter.

The Injunction Again. Comrade Con Foley gave a most interesting talk on the injunction secured by Coombe Garment Company of Schuylkill county, Pa., against their employees, at the Haywood meeting held in Pottsville on the 24th. The following is a quotation from the injunction: "It is ordered that a preliminary injunction issue against the defendants, Albert Morris, Paul Shellakas, William McClay, William Hammer, Edward McClure, Anthony McClusky, Thomas Orff, Tillie Atkinson, Tillie Hinkle, Dora Orff, and all their agents, servants and employees, as well as persons combining and conspiring with them, their associates and confederates, and all other persons whomsoever, known or unknown, be hereby enjoined and commanded absolutely to desist and to refrain from in any way or manner interfering with the employees of the plaintiff and with any person or persons who may hereafter offer or desire to enter its employ, by the use of threats, intimidation, personal violence, opprobrious epithets, ridicule, or other unlawful means calculated or intended to induce any such person or persons to leave the employment of the plaintiff, and also from calling opprobrious names or epithets to persons passing along the streets or going to or from the works of the plaintiff and who are in the employ or about to enter the employ of the said plaintiff, or any member or members of the families of such persons.

"They are also ordered and enjoined from picketing or loitering on the premises of said plaintiff, or congregating about or in the neighborhood of the same, or on the highways or streets of the borough of Minersville, county of Schuylkill aforesaid, for the purpose of unlawfully intimidating or interfering with the employees of the plaintiff or with such persons as desire to enter its employ, and from individually or collectively attempting to prevent any persons by the means aforesaid, who may desire to enter its employ, from so doing, and from giving any directions or orders to committees, associates or others for the perform-

ance of any such acts hereby enjoined, and from in any manner whatever impeding, obstructing or interfering with the regular and unrestrained operation and conduct and management of the business of the plaintiff, or employees now in the employ of the plaintiff, or that may be hereafter employed by it, and from in any manner interfering with plaintiff's property to the detriment of plaintiff, and from combining and conspiring to do any of the acts hereby enjoined.

"It is further ordered that the aforesaid injunction shall be in force and binding upon all the defendants hereinbefore named, their associates and confederates, and upon all other persons whomsoever who are not named herein, from and after the time when such other persons shall have knowledge of the entry of this order."

Whatever we may have believed, it is easy to see that the days of kings have not yet passed away. But be sure, Comrade Foley told his hearers how to do away with them. The Haywood meeting was reported the very biggest kind of a success.

Growth in Rochester, Pa. Comrade Lindner writes that the Haywood and La Monte meetings in Rochester were a big success. Also that the local has grown to 238 members. They have started a study club, which will begin with "Shop Talks on Economics" this winter.

"We have started a study club and are using Shop Talks to begin with. Took in 41 members last month; got six more last evening for this month. At the end of last month had 196 paid to date and 238 members all told. Have sold over 30 REVIEWS for December. C. H. Lindner, Pennsylvania.

From Payallup, Wash. Morris Hillquit criticised and misrepresented Haywood and Bohn's booklet, "Industrial Socialism," his criticisms being prominently published by part of the Socialist press. Local Payallup, Wash., in regular meeting, Dec. 6, 1911, proposed that the National Party platform be amended by adding the words "through the use of any weapon that will win the fight, politically or industrially," to the next to last paragraph in the principles, making said paragraph read as follows: "In the struggle for freedom the interests of all modern workers are identical. The struggle is not only national, but international. It embraces the world, and will be carried to ultimate victory by the united workers of the world through the use of any weapon that will win the fight politically or industrially." Signed by R. E. Danner, W. R. Caple. From Comrade C. W. Garrett.

Donating a Library. The comrades of the local at Salida, Colo., ordered a \$15.00 library, consisting of Kerr & Co.'s books, last month, which they have donated to the public library for that city. These books will probably reach more readers than they would in any other way. We hope the other locals that contemplate such action will write us for special prices. We will do our part here.

REVOLT

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ARTICLES by William English Walling, Frank Bohn, Ed Moore, Jack London, William D. Haywood, Eugene V. Debs, Rose Pastor Stokes, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Austin Lewis, William McDevitt, Anna Strunsky Walling, Charles Edward Russell and many other writers of note. The editorials by Cloudesley Johns already have attracted widespread attention, and should be read by every one interested in the real development of the proletarian revolution. Address all communications to

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PURITANISM

What is the economic basis for the demand, which we see occasionally cropping out even now, to limit the length of a girl's bathing suit by law?

Perhaps you have never thought of it, but the pious horror of a short bathing suit is closely related to early rising, political reform, Sunday baseball games, religious revivals, the "double standard of morality," the nude in art, woman suffrage, and the consumption of

MINCE PIE

If such a statement seems to you far-fetched, then you will derive instruction as well as enjoyment from a close reading of Clarence Meily's new book, "Puritanism," which is just off the press.

This little book will enable the American people, and the British as well, to understand themselves as they never have before, because we have inherited a large share of our ideas from our Puritan ancestors. It presents a fascinating study in that theory which has done so much to make clear to Socialists the meaning of life—the theory, nay, the fact, that the way people make their living largely determines their notions of what is right and moral and proper. No American should fail to read this book. It will enable him to understand the history of this country better than a library full of ordinary text books. It will clean out of his brain any remaining infection left there by past teachings and will enable him to see clearly through problems out of which our capitalist-minded lawmakers, preachers, professors, and editors are making a mess. A reading of this book will forever prevent any Socialist legislator from meddling with middle class "moral reforms." Attractively bound in cloth and well printed. Price, 50 cents postpaid.

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Approves the Review. I am only a new subscriber to the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, but have been on the firing line of the Socialist movement since the organization of the Patriots of America, in which we both took part. I always wished to subscribe for the REVIEW, but the demand for money at so many different points seemed to take all I could spare. I write to tell you that I am in full sympathy with the policy of the REVIEW. After seeing the Hunter motion and the attack of Hillquit and Spargo on your policies, I concluded that I must have overlooked something and had not gotten to the bottom of the policy of the REVIEW. So I have just re-read the numbers I have at hand, and very carefully, too, and will say that if they oust you from the Party and put the REVIEW off the Socialist list on charges of anarchy, they can expel me, too, on the same grounds. I am only one of the rank and file, but I have membership cards to the S. P. for nine years back, and have paid in donations hundreds of dollars besides in that time. To say I am disgusted with the reform tactics of the Socialist leaders in some localities, where they have won out, notably in Milwaukee, is putting it mildly. But it has come to pass that a worker has no chance to air his views in the Socialist press as the space is all taken up by the "Honorable" and others too numerous to mention. I am surprised that the REVIEW is not among the rest of the press in this foolishness. Keep up the fight. I believe the rank and file are with you. Yours for a revolutionary S. P.

JAMES ETTIEN, Nebraska.

Encouraged His Newsdealer. I had a newsdealer here order some REVIEWS from you about three months ago, and find that he is not only selling all he gets, but runs out before he fills the demand for them. I made him the proposition that he order them, and all he did not sell I would take at cost. Have not had to take any from him yet, except the one that I always buy for myself. Comrade Cook, Waco, Texas.

Will Not Miss the Review. Space will not permit me to do your grand fighting magazine justice. It is a Sampson among the Philistines. It is slaying ignorance, prejudice and mental stupor. I think so well of your magazine that I shall try to get some subscribers for you. Enclosed find postoffice order for a year's renewal, for which please send on your "special offer," "Class Struggle" and "Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome." Comrade Smith, Ossian, Ind.

Another Boost. After looking over the January REVIEW. I made up my mind that it was so good, especially Gene Debs' review of the McNamara case, and Gustavus Myers' exposure of the gigantic land steals in Texas, that I positively will not do without the REVIEW from henceforth. I have succeeded in getting you a new subscriber by just showing him the magazine. Please put aside one copy of the January number, as he promised me the

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\$1.00 some time after New Year's day, when he gets his wages. He is a Socialist and a machinist. Comrade Nehl, Clarington, Ohio.

In Favor of Industrial Unionism. The following resolution was passed by Local No. 72, International Union of Steam Engineers, in regular session December 7, 1911, that the methods heretofore used by organized labor in its struggle to free the workers from exploitation do not now meet the requirements of the class struggle. Also, that the capitalists have already organized the workers into vast industrial armies which take in all men and women of all crafts as well as unskilled laborers, and that the interests of all these workers are identical and opposed to the interests of the capitalist class, and be it further resolved that the changed conditions in the industrial field now demand that these industrial armies of workers should be organized into industrial unions, taking in all men and women employed in each respective industry; be it further resolved, that we request all unions in the American Federation of Labor to either endorse these resolutions or draw up similar ones, thereby lending their aid in bringing into existence a more effective and harmonious organization, with which to fight the battles of the working class.

Like Haywood. Comrade Haywood delivered a lecture in the Swisher Theater to about 500 people. His lecture was great, and everybody was well pleased. He received much applause. He gave us the straight goods, straight from the shoulder. Haywood is all right. All of us comrades fell in love with him. Comrade Beckett, Morgantown, W. Va.

Longmont Expresses Appreciation. I am surprised to see Comrade Hunter's motion to call a meeting of the N. E. C. and appoint a committee of three to investigate Kerr & Company's business. Local Longmont holds a share in the Kerr publishing house (through O. M. Williamson), and we never have had and cause to call on the comrades "higher up" to investigate for us. The comrade don't seem to have any regard for the truth whatever when he makes the charge that the REVIEW stands against Marxism. Some time ago it run a series of articles on Marxism, by Mary E. Marcy, that contained more Marxism than the "Socialist at Work," by Hunter. Jan. 31, 1911, Haywood lectured here, and we sold 344 admission tickets, each good for a three months' subscription to the REVIEW. Kerr paid \$25.00 for hall rent and furnished advertising matter and 200 copies of the REVIEW gratis. All we paid was \$86.10. What Haywood receives per night is no more of my business than it is the N. E. C., but the difference here between facts and fiction is \$250.00—\$86.10 equals \$163.90. It seems like the meddlesome comrades would learn a lesson and not be prying into other people's business just to satisfy their own curiosity. Perhaps it would be best to take Comrade Hunter's advice and dispense with all high-priced subscription lec-

tures and economize—save our money for international congresses and national conventions where the comrades "higher up" can do the emancipation act at a great banquet of wind jamming. Comrade Knight, Longmont Colorado.

P. S.—I wrote to the Open Forum of the *Daily Socialist* something near the same as I am sending you, and they would not publish it, so I am writing this, that the Norton Hights comrades can have the same committee to investigate the *Daily* and save expense, as they are guilty of what he charges the REVIEW with—*suppressing the truth*. But, of course, the *Daily* does that in the interest of the Party (?).

Unchloroformed. I have been a constant reader of your uncompromising and revolutionary REVIEW since 1902, and have not missed a number. There was a time that I did not have the means to subscribe; then I bought at a news stand or the local here. I would advise any dues-paying member of the party to subscribe and read the REVIEW, as it is the best we have to keep us informed of the industrial and political situation of the world, and gets the reformed, or rather chloroformed, ideas out of their heads, also the "immediate demand" ideas. The time is now ripe to break away from such an outgrown and crawfish labor movement as the "pure and simplers" and advocate industrial unionism as the economic wing and the Socialist Party as the political wing of Industrial Democracy "Peace Dove." Comrade Hofman, Indianapolis, Ind.

Lassoed Five More. Have lassoed five others besides myself on your special offer for the REVIEW, the hottest and most "up to now" magazine in the U. S. I have not missed an issue in two years and hope to never miss another. So please note the following live wires and surcharge them each month for the next twelve with condensed electroration, THE REVIEW. Comrade Tucker, Forest, Texas.

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Refuse to Petition Capitalists. To the Members of the National Executive Committee and the National Secretary—Comrades: We are in receipt of your favor of Dec. 1 and are much surprised to learn that, at this late date, the National Executive Committee has discovered a new way to end the class struggle. It is simply to ignore class lines and unite the business men and the workers, capitalists and wage slaves, upon the political field to work together for the working class, or, perhaps, we should say for Comrade Berger's old age pension bill, with all its miserable inadequacies.

The method is to unite all classes in a petition to the republican and democratic senators and representatives. This has truly the merit of simplicity. If it is an adequate method, it saves all the trouble of electing men to office on the Socialist ticket, unless, indeed, it be necessary, under this method, to have one Socialist in Congress.

We might carry the argument further. But it seems to us that the method has been sufficiently exploited by the working class. Didn't the capitalist class, headed by Judge Gray, settle the miners' great strike? Wasn't Gompers brilliantly successful in begging at the fountain head—the republican and democratic conventions? To be sure, he lost out at the former and supposedly won at the latter, but the result was the same.

This brings us to the second great advantage of the begging methods—it is all the same whether you win or lose; the workers can't tell the difference when it comes to estimating the benefits.

Under this new system, new as a Socialist tactic, all we would really need would be a National Executive Committee to tell us when to stand up on our hind legs and beg like curs.

The members of the N. E. C. are educated persons. Can they tell us of an instance in history when a slave class secured its emancipation by respectfully petitioning its masters?

To us, the class struggle is a stern reality. The capitalist class understands and fears class-consciousness. Congressman Sherwood of this district has announced that during the next session of Congress some labor legislation will be passed because Congress is frightened at the growing Socialist vote. Do you understand? Congress is not influenced by our petitions, our prayers, but by our votes. It is our free, independent, class-conscious political action that moves them, not odious, antiquated begging.

"Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain." This does not mean unite with your masters.

We do not expect anything from the capitalist class or their representatives, except what we can force from them by the manifestation of our power. If it is proper to petition them on the political field for old age pensions, then, logically, we should pray to them on the industrial field, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Local Toledo hopes that the N. E. C. and the National Secretary will know better in the future. Fraternally, committee, Thos. Bragg,

Edward P. Farrell, Josephine Bates. (Ordered sent to the Socialist press by Local Toledo, O.)

Likes the Review. I notice the attacks made on the REVIEW and its staff by the narrow-minded Socialist politicians, which in my estimation is a disgrace. As a true exponent of Revolutionary Socialism, the REVIEW stands out as the foremost, and I won't trade the REVIEW for the whole bunch of Socialist periodicals published in the U. S. Go right ahead with the good work. The working class wants bread, and not political jobs. The I. S. R. is the right thing for me and my fellow slaves. Yours for the revolution, A Lazier, 1195 Beaubien street, Detroit, Mich.

New National Executive Committee Elected. The election of a new National Executive Committee for the Socialist Party for the year 1912 resulted in the choice of the following members by the vote shown below:

Victor L. Berger.....	20,614
Job Harriman	14,995
Wm. D. Haywood.....	11,486
Morris Hillquit	9,696
Alexander Irvine	9,114
Kate Richards O'Hare	8,913
John Spargo	7,719

The Socialist Argument

One of the newest of our books for Socialist propaganda. In a quiet, easy style it analyzes the defects, the absurdities, the cruelties and oppression which are inseparable from the capitalist system and points out how the Socialists propose to cure and eliminate the evils of present day society. As the title of the book indicates, it takes up the whole Socialist argument, point by point, and presses it home by the force of irresistible logic. The decay of capitalism and the hopelessness of mere reform are discussed in detail and the inevitability of

THE COMING CHANGE

is forcefully stated. The stock objections to Socialism are given a hearing and then their foolishness and futility are exposed in such a fashion that no one can miss the point.

The author, Charles C. Hitchcock, is an old student of economics and social conditions. He knows his ground thoroughly and he knows how to make his arguments convincing.

There is no better book to hand to your stand-pat friend who declares he is satisfied with present conditions and pronounces Socialism "visionary" and "impracticable." It is just the book to hand to the acquaintance who admits there is "something in" Socialism but declares that its contentions lack cohesion and constructive logic.

It is exceptionally well written in a lucid and entertaining style. Its topics are admirably arranged and its chapters are so subdivided as to make easy reading. It will afford a pleasant and instructive hour or two to even the chronic opponent of the Socialist philosophy.

Neatly and attractively bound in cloth and of a size that will readily admit of its being carried in the overcoat pocket. Well printed on paper of excellent quality. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

118 W. Kinzie Street, - - CHICAGO

Butte Miners' Union. A striking illustration of the class-conscious intelligence of workmen was exhibited in the recent election of officers for the Butte Miners' Union, of Butte, Mont. While no sharply defined contest was made over the economic theories of the candidates for office, the significant fact remains that every official elected is a militant socialist, and a member of the Socialist Party.

To those who are laboring under the impression that there is an overwhelming opposition to socialism, and the socialists, in the ranks of organized labor on the industrial field, this may come as a shock. The last ballot of the union was concluded late on the night of Dec. 7. Here are the results:

President—George Curry, who succeeds himself in office.

Vice-President—John Driscoll.

Recording Secretary—Joe Little.

Secretary-Treasurer—M. J. Cleary.

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer—Max Marvin.

Warden—Charles Actis.

Conductor—Manus Duggan.

Finance Committee—William Powell, Frank Auxier, John Koich.

There it is. Every one of them a socialist. That is, every one of them understands that they, the miners, must own the mines before they can get what they produce or the equivalent thereof. That, to accomplish this, calls for united effort on the part of the workers against the shirkers—who are now the owners.

But this is not all. Every one of these men is a member of the Socialist Party, thus avowing his belief and his desire.

All hail to the Butte Miners' Union. Here is a body of men who know what they want and are not afraid to stand and demand it. The best evidence of this fact is the acknowledged view of the men whom they have elected to office.

When the day comes which the socialists are striving for—when the miners own the mines, the mill operatives own the mills, and the railroaders own the railroads—then, indeed, will a new world be born. Then no more will the miner skimp and starve in a world of plenty. No more will he work long shifts with thousands barred from work. No more will he face a terrible and tragic death by entombment, or a slowly protracted one from the great white plague.

In that day—when the miners own the mines—there will be work for all and plenty for all. Then the mines will be governed as the union is now governed—by the miners, for the miners, and in the interest of the miners.

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OLDEST STRICTLY UNION PRINTING OFFICE IN CHICAGO
376 West Monroe Street .. Chicago, Illinois

We have no printing office and can not receive orders for printing. Mr. Higgins does most of our work and we take pleasure in recommending him to REVIEW readers. **CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY.**

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

THIS month we have enlarged the REVIEW by adding sixteen pages of reading matter and pictures. To maintain this enlarged size for a year will involve an extra expense of, at least three thousand dollars—more than the total net earnings of the publishing house during the year 1911. If YOU like the enlarged REVIEW and want it to continue, send a dollar for a year's subscription. Perhaps you think you are helping us just as much if you buy a copy from month to month. This is not the case. The wholesale price which we receive on bundles of the REVIEW barely pays the cost of manufacture and handling. The cost of editorial work, articles and pictures, in the case of a capitalist magazine is paid by the advertisers. Few of them will pay money to a Socialist magazine, and consequently we must depend mainly on the dollar a year from each regular reader. If you want the REVIEW to live and grow, send on your dollar and get others to do the same.

Annual Stockholders' Meeting.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of Charles H. Kerr & Company was held at 118 West Kinzie street, Chicago, on Jan. 15, at 4 p. m. Out of the 3,697 shares of stock which have been issued, 2,507 were represented at the meeting either by the share-holders or by proxies. Among those present were Dr. J. H. Greer, Marcus Hitch, J. O. Bentall, Leslie H. Marcy, Alfred D. Schoch, Charles Roux, Mrs. Winnie E. Branstetter, Phillips Russell and Harry B. Fish. Charles H. Kerr presided and Mary E. Marcy acted as secretary. Charles H. Kerr presented the following

ANNUAL REPORT TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY.

The year 1911 has been the most successful in the history of the publishing house. The financial report for the year will be more easily understood if we first give the figures on book sales and on REVIEW subscriptions, sales and advertising receipts for the last five years. These figures are as follows:

YEAR.	BOOK SALES.	REVIEW RECEIPTS.
1907	\$22,169.31	\$ 2,533.26
1908	23,102.45	4,542.26
1909	20,992.05	10,913.54
1910	33,586.89	14,662.53
1911	39,463.44	23,780.31

It will be seen that there has been a steady and gradual increase of book sales, except for the year 1909, when there was a slump due in great part to the discouragement caused by the failure of the party to show the gains expected at the election of 1908. On the other hand the receipts of the REVIEW, which had been stagnant for seven years, started in 1908 upon a period of rapid growth which still continues. This increase in receipts has an important bearing on the question of whether the REVIEW has been of late edited in accordance with the wishes of the membership.

Now for the receipts and expenditures for the year 1911. They are:

RECEIPTS.	
Book sales.....	\$39,463.44
REVIEW subscriptions and sales.....	22,006.03
REVIEW advertising.....	1,774.28
Donations	33.00

Total\$63,276.75

EXPENDITURES.	
Manufacture of books.....	\$13,752.48
Manufacture of REVIEW.....	12,232.16
Wages	9,876.28
Postage and expressage.....	9,465.78
Advertising	7,632.43
REVIEW circulation expenses.....	1,386.76
REVIEW articles and photographs.....	1,032.16
Authors of books.....	1,903.25
Books purchased.....	631.53
Rent	1,160.00
Insurance	85.80
Taxes	195.20
Miscellaneous expenses.....	1,483.68
Interest	198.05
Profit	2,241.19

Total\$63,276.75

The profits of \$2,241.19, together with \$1,220 received during the year from the sale of stock, were used to pay off a bank loan of \$1,000 and to reduce the loans from stockholders. The financial condition of the publishing house at the end of 1911 is shown by the following table of assets and liabilities.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand and in bank.....	\$ 367.24
Books, bound and unbound.....	8,308.22
Electrotype plates of books.....	14,258.76
Copyrights	12,831.39
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.....	5,000.00
Accounts receivable.....	695.95
Office furniture.....	539.00
Total	\$42,000.56
LIABILITIES.	
Paid-up capital stock.....	\$36,970.00
Loans from stockholders.....	4,610.79
Accounts payable.....	419.77
Total	\$42,000.56

One loan of \$500 has already been paid since the beginning of January, and others will have to be paid in the near future, so that most of the net earnings of the publishing house during 1912 will have to be used in this way. However, we expect at once to take an advance step already long under consideration, and to enlarge the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW to 84 pages, with the hope of a further enlargement to 100 pages before the end of 1912. We start the year with a circulation of 42,000; we aim to end it with a circulation of 100,000.

Our Investigation by the Party.—On a motion introduced by Robert Hunter, the National Committee of the Socialist party has voted to elect a committee of three to investigate this publishing house. Since some of our stockholders may not be fully informed regarding some of the points raised by Robert Hunter, it may be worth while to discuss them briefly.

1. Is this a Co-operative Enterprise?—It is co-operative in that nearly two-thirds of its capital has been subscribed in sums of \$10 each by people who desired in this way to supply themselves and others with the literature of International Socialism at cost. Our financial report for 1911 shows that we are carrying out their wishes, since the slight profit earned on the year's business is barely enough to cover the risk of unavoidable losses in the future. In our circulars and advertisements, soliciting stock subscriptions, we have constantly taken pains to make it clear that no dividends were promised.

2. Who Owns the Shares?—I personally own 1,137 out of 3,697. About 360 shares are held in blocks of from 2 to 38 by friends and former business associates

of mine, some of them Socialists, others not. About 400 are held by Socialist Party Locals of the United States, Great Britain, Canada and other English-speaking countries. The remaining 1800 shares are owned by as many different individuals, who subscribed for their stock at different times, all the way from 1893 to 1911. How many of them are at present members of the Socialist party no one knows. My guess would probably be as good as any, and my best guess is that half of them are members.

3. Have We a Monopoly of Socialist Literature?—The bulletin of the Socialist Lyceum Lecture Bureau, published by the the National Office of the Socialist party, contains the titles of 103 volumes retailing at 25 cents or more; of these 67 are published by us. In other words we publish about two thirds of the volumes which the party officials find available to sell at Socialist meetings. This simply means that we have been doing what we promised to do when our stockholders paid for their shares. There was nothing to prevent capitalist publishers from bringing out Socialist books if they had wanted to have the literature of real International Socialism circulated, but they do not. There has been nothing to prevent other Socialist publishers from circulating books, and as a matter of fact they are beginning to do so. We have ten times as many manuscripts offered us as we can possibly use. In our choice we have two things to consider. First, will the book probably have a sale which will cover the cost of publication together with the price asked by the author for the manuscript? Second, will its circulation help on the working-class revolution? A few mistakes in answering the first question would ruin the publishing house, while a series of mistakes in answering the second question would make Charles H. Kerr & Company more useful to the capitalist class than to the working class.

4. Who Is to Control?—This publishing house is organized under the corporation law of the State of Illinois, this being the only practicable way to carry on a publishing business unless owned by a single individual or a few partners. Hunter's published statement that every

dollar of its capital has been given by the party is wholly untrue. The capital was furnished by the people who elect the board of directors from year to year. The board whose term of office expires today was elected by an absolutely unanimous vote of all stockholders present in person or by proxy. I have been and am responsible to the directors and through them to the stockholders. It is worth nothing that in spite of the wide advertising given to the attack on us by Robert Hunter, scarcely any letters endorsing his position have been received at this office. If re-elected, I hope to continue our work on the lines which have already proved successful.

5. The Policy of the Review.—Previous to the year 1908 the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW was edited in a way to please college professors rather than workers. Its editorial policy was uncertain; it offended few and delighted no one. Its receipts were far below its expenses; it was a heavy drain on the resources of the publishing house. Since the beginning of 1908 we have made a few bitter enemies and a host of loyal friends. In future, as in the past, we shall frankly and fearlessly apply to each new situation the principles of International Socialism as we understand them. Fundamentally, we stand for the fighting working class in its struggle against organized capital. We support the Socialist party and we urge all revolutionists to support it, because we believe that in America today the Socialist party is the best weapon for the working class to use. But we propose to criticise any official or other member of the Socialist party who seems to us to be try-

ing to divert it from its revolutionary work into a petty and futile chase after votes and offices. Our vote from year to year should be a reliable index of our progress in making Socialists who want capitalism destroyed and will be content with nothing less.

REPORT UNANIMOUSLY ACCEPTED.

On motion of Dr. J. H. Greer, the report was unanimously accepted and placed on file; a vote of confidence in the president of the publishing house was also passed unanimously.

Election of Directors.—It was moved to re-elect the present board of directors, with the exception of Comrade R. H. Chaplin, who had moved away from Chicago, and is consequently unable to attend meetings. The motion included the name of Mary E. Marcy for the place thus made vacant, and it was passed without a single dissenting vote. The other six members of the board are J. H. Greer, Marcus Hitch, Walter Huggins, Charles H. Kerr, Leslie H. Marcy and Charles Roux.

Investigation Welcomed.—A motion was then unanimously passed welcoming the proposed investigation on the part of the National Committee of the Socialist party, and instructing the directors to co-operate with the sub-committee of the party in getting at the facts involved in the investigation. The meeting then adjourned.

Election of Officers.—The newly elected Board of Directors then convened, and unanimously re-elected the officers for the ensuing year: President, Charles H. Kerr; Vice-President, Marcus Hitch; Secretary, Mary E. Marcy.



The Rose Door

The Story of a House of Prostitution

by ESTELLE BAKER

It is roughly estimated that there are over 500,000 women and girls in the United States who earn their living by the sale of their bodies. Much has been written about "the oldest of all the professions;" investigations have been made; statistics prepared; judgments pronounced and rigorous means of suppressing prostitution have been attempted—to no avail. It has remained for Socialism to discover the Cure for the Social Evil.



Miss Baker's book is not a preachment, nor a theory or a "study," but a living, gripping story of the **Actual Lives** of four Women of the Streets, with all the heart hunger, the yearning for maternity, and the sordid commercialism with which the Public Woman is always at war.

Read *The Rose Door*. Go down into the depths of pain and love and misery with your Sisters of the Street. There you will find the cause of their degradation—and the cure for the great Social Evil.

Get this book for your daughters and your sons. You need it and your neighbor will be a wiser and better man for having read it. Handsomely bound in cloth; illustrations by Ralph Chaplin.

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For 50 cents extra, or \$1.50 in all, we will include with *The Rose Door* a year's subscription to *The International Socialist Review*, the biggest, best illustrated and most **Vital** working class magazine in the world today.

The Bible reviewed in the
light of Modern Science

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR

By

ROBERT BLATCHFORD

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate to-day between Christians and Scientists the world over

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR is not an attack upon religion. It is a study of the Bible from the scientific point of view. It is one of the most thought-provoking books of the age. It is being discussed from hundreds of platforms and in thousands of homes.

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
Publishers

118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago

1912 ARSENAL OF FACTS

**14th
Edition**

By FRED D. WARREN

Revised, Enlarged and brought down to date

By W. J. GHENT

Private Secretary to Congressman Berger

The Handbook of Ready Reference for the Socialist Speaker, the Socialist Agitator, the Socialist Soap-Boxer, the Socialist Debater

Contains more than 1,000 irrefutable facts compiled from United States statistics and other sources equally reliable. Mr. Warren has spent more than three years preparing and compiling the data for this book, and with the assistance of W. J. Ghent, who has been in Washington the past summer and fall, devoting all his available time to unearthing new facts from the congressional library and government documents, the book is now as complete as is possible for human ingenuity to bring forth.

To obtain the information contained in this little book would require months and months of hard work and study, and then you would not have it at your fingers' ends and instant command as you do when you possess the 1912 edition of the Arsenal of Facts.

This is the 14th edition—the first edition contained but 56 pages—and each successive edition has been enlarged until it now contains 144 pages, jammed full of the most vital facts absolutely necessary to the well-posted man.

The Arsenal is bound in red morocco, just fits the vest-pocket, and is indexed so that each "fact" may be instantly found.

Is constantly carried and daily used by thousands of comrades which is its best indorsement.

The Arsenal is not for sale. More than 50,000 of this wonderful book have been distributed and not one has yet been sold. To get a copy you must send us 12 subs for forty weeks, an order for 12 forty-week sub cards, or an order for a bundle of 12 copies of the Appeal for one year, with a remittance of \$3.00 in any event.

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Us send You a Revised, Enlarged and
Brought Down-to-Date Copy Today.**

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How the Arsenal Grew

All good things are a growth. The best things are the result of many minds growing and working together. That is the way the Arsenal came into being.

For years questions concerning Socialism and the facts that would help the workers fight for Socialism had been coming into the APPEAL office. There were too many to be answered by mail. They were too frequently repeated and too numerous for reply in the columns of the APPEAL itself. It became evident that there was a great demand for a compilation of these questions and their answers.

When questions were received, the matter was carefully looked up, and if we were unable to find the desired information in our library, it was sent to some one who was in a position to give the data wanted.

This was the birth of the idea of the Arsenal. Then for a couple of years Comrade Warren set about finding out just what he would put into the book. The answers to the thousands of inquiries received gave him the beginning. Then he asked the half million readers of the APPEAL what they would like in such a book, and nearly every member of the APPEAL Army responded, either giving some "fact" or asking a question that made investigation necessary. Of course, hundreds of the questions were duplicated, but this only went to show just what was needed in this little book.

The best libraries were searched to get the information desired, and finally the first Arsenal appeared about three years ago.

It did not stop growing then. Every Arsenal carried a note asking every user of it to suggest improvements, and each time many suggestions were received which were incorporated in the new edition.

Fourteen editions were brought out and every one was an improvement on the predecessor. Every fact not thoroughly established was weeded out. New facts were gathered, new questions answered, and new pages added.

This year Comrade Warren decided on the greatest improvement yet. The census of 1910 is just beginning to be available. Government investigations have brought out a vast mass of new facts in the last year. A presidential campaign is at hand. In view of these conditions it was decided to completely revise the Arsenal of Facts and to bring to that revision the best assistance that could be obtained.

W. J. Ghent, private secretary to Congressman Berger, was asked to do the revising. He is located at Washington, the very center of the information that was needed, is a trained investigator and compiler of facts and careful writer. During the summer and fall that has just passed he has gathered all this new matter and carefully worked over the old, together with the matter suggested by thousands of others, and has put the whole into form for the new edition of the Arsenal, making 144 pages.

Never was so much carefully collected information, exactly suited to the purpose of a Socialist propagandist, gathered between the covers of a single volume, and that a small volume you can slip into your vest pocket.

Can you afford to be without one?

Can you afford to go on making statements that you know to be absolutely correct, but when proof is demanded be unable to furnish it?

You understand, the Arsenal is not for sale. Its mission is to furnish needed information to the comrades and to increase the subscription list of the APPEAL TO REASON.

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Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1903. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,
Jamestown, N. C. SAM A. HOOVER.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Child Cured In Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.

Gentlemen:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon and mail today.

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Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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MARCH, 1912

PRICE TEN CENTS

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



THE BATTLE FOR BREAD AT LAWRENCE

What Debs Says

ABOUT OUR THREE NEW PROPAGANDA BOOKS

A splendid pamphlet is **INDUSTRIAL SOCIALISM**, written jointly by William D. Haywood and Frank Bohn, and which I heartily commend to the working class and to all who are interested in Socialism and in the group of vital questions which have sprung from our modern industrial development. Every page of this pamphlet is clear, cogent, and convincing. The true revolutionary attitude of the working class movement is here maintained. It states the industrial and political position of the workers in plain, straightforward terms, in their own language, and is well calculated to open the eyes of the workers to the weakness of craft unionism and political socialism, and impress upon them the necessity of proletarian solidarity, both economic and political, and supplementary to each other, as the true basis of the revolutionary movement. The pamphlet is especially adapted to the educational propaganda of the working class and ought to be spread broadcast among the workers.

Mary E. Marcy's **SHOP TALKS ON ECONOMICS** ought to be put in the hands of every wage-worker. Marx is here introduced to the worker in terms he can readily understand and Socialism is made so plain that he cannot escape it. Mrs. Marcy has a peculiar faculty for this kind of work and in preparing this most excellent primer on economics for the education of the workers she has rendered an invaluable service to the working class.

Jack London is always clever, brilliant, virile, and always up to his best. **THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG**, a pamphlet of 30 pages, is his latest from the press of Kerr & Company, and it is a most interesting and illuminating study and a fascinating bit of Jack's own writing pointing a fine Socialist moral which ought to be read by about twenty millions of social heathens in the United States.

EUGENE V. DEBS

These three books sell for 10 cents each, the three for 25 cents, postpaid. For \$5.00 we will send 100 copies, one kind or assorted, by express prepaid. For \$35.00 we will send 1,000 assorted copies by freight prepaid. They are the best and biggest propaganda books of the year. Nothing equals them for street meetings except the latest issue of the REVIEW, of which we mail 20 for \$1.00 and more at the same rate. Address,

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Get in Ahead of the Railroad

**That's how thousands of people have made their fortunes
—buying lots in new towns of the prosperous Northwest**

Untold millions have been made in Canada by wise investors who have seen which way railroads were going to run and then snapped up choice city lots in Townsites along the lines. And right now there is one of the biggest chances in the century to invest in town lots in Fort Frazer, in the heart of the choicest section of Canada, and realize immense profits. History has repeated itself a score of times in the great hustling centers of population in western Canada.

This is the way land values have jumped in other Western Canadian Cities

Prince Rupert, B. C. (372 miles from Fort Fraser), was a wilderness three years ago. Now it has more than 4,000 residents and is progressing rapidly, while property has jumped from \$100 to \$500 and upwards into the thousands per lot.

Calgary, Alta., had only 4,000 population in 1901; today it has over 40,000, and its town lots, which started at \$100, cannot be purchased today for less than \$1,000 to \$3,000 each, with the choicest locations bringing \$30,000 to \$65,000.

Edmonton, Alta. (500 miles from Fort Fraser), had 2,249 population in 1901; it now has over 30,000 population, and lots that sold four years ago for \$100 and \$150 are not to be bought today for less than \$1,000 to \$5,000 and \$10,000.

None of these places had so bright a future as Fort Frazer, which is the liveliest place now for the investor to snap up early bargains in lots. It is about to be opened up by the greatest of new Canadian railroads—the Government-backed Grand Trunk Pacific.

Already of such importance in location and standing that it is called the "Hub" City of British Columbia, Fort Frazer is bound to start a wonderful growth as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific rails are laid, which must be in 1913, and probably will be in a few months. Then values will begin to go up with the same phenomenal jumps as they made in Calgary.

How to get in ahead

Choice lots in Fort Frazer, if taken now, may be had from \$100 to \$200, and upon easy terms of as low as 10 per cent down and the balance payable at the rate of 5 per cent per month. A small saving will thus take care of the payments. No interests or taxes until fully paid for. The British Columbia Government itself guarantees the titles.

Write to Spence, Jordan & Co., Dept. M, Marquette Bldg., Chicago, for free plat, and illustrated book and accurate information about the opportunity in Fort Frazer. They are the official representative of the Townsite Company, and you can rely on the information that they give you.

FREE to every SOCIALIST



Every socialist in the world should get FREE this thrilling story of the "Ball and Tyler Rebellion"—an uprising of the people against the nobles and church in mediaeval England. Not one in a million has ever seen this rare document which is merely one of thousands of wonderful "original documents" in the

Library of Original Sources

which ALL socialists can get on an easy, co-operative plan. This marvelous library is an eye-opener—it gives the TRUTH that for ages capitalist influence has kept from the people to keep them under subjection. Here you see the gradual rise of the people thru 7,000 years, from slavery, serfdom, feudalism on to capitalism, all of which shows you as plainly as a cross-roads guide board how the Socialist Republic is developing out of the present system.

Shows HOW the Socialist Republic is Coming

Gives—for the first time—the real facts behind the ordinary surface events which you read of in histories—the rock-bottom facts red-hot from those daring men in all ages who had the courage to tell the TRUTH even though they lost their lives for it—and you know how many of them *did*. This daring work is

Published Expressly for Socialists

and other progressive people who do their own thinking. All socialist writers, editors and organizers use it and urge every Comrade to get it at once. Socialists in the United States and Canada are using more of this work than all others combined. No other work gives more than 5% of this red-hot stuff.

The Socialist Victories

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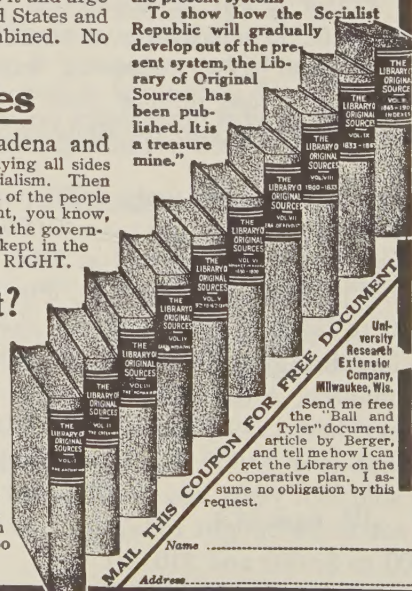
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